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No. 1089.

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For the convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazine. Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BACON, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London. For France [JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.] and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 25fr. or 1l. 12s. the year. To other Countries, the postage in addition.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

THE EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS, for the present Year, is appointed to commence on MONDAY, the 3rd of OCTOBER. Certificates must be sent to the Registrar fourteen days previously. By order of the Senate.
R. W. JELF, D.D., Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
FACULTY OF MEDICINE.—Session 1848-9.—The CLASSES will commence on the 2nd of October.

CLASSES in the order in which Lectures are delivered during the day:—
MEDICINE, Principles and Practice of.—Professor Williams, M.D.
ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.—Professor Sharpey, M.D.
CHEMISTRY.—Professor Graham.
COMPARATIVE ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.—Professor Ellis.
COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.—Professor Grant, M.D.
NATURAL MEDICINE AND THERAPEUTICS.—Professor Thompson.
SURGERY.—Professor Arnott.
NATURAL HISTORY.—Lecturer, Mr. Durnace George.
PRACTICAL ANATOMY.—The Pupils will be directed in their studies during several hours daily, by Professor Ellis; and Mr. Marshall, Demonstrator.
ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.—Professor Fowkes, 9 A.M., 4 P.M.

SUMMER TERM.
The following subjects will be taught during the summer term:—

DEANRY.—Dr. Lindley.
NATURAL HISTORY.—Dr. Murphy.
PHYSIOLOGICAL ANATOMY.—Dr. Walsh.
COMPARATIVE ANATOMY AND ZOOLOGY.—Dr. Grant.
PNEUMONIC MEDICINE.—Dr. Thompson.
NATURAL CHEMISTRY.—Mr. Fowkes.
Dr. Ballard, as Tutor, will superintend the studies of any Pupils pursuing the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine, who may desire to reside at the Hospital.

Hospital Practice daily throughout the year:—
Physicians.—Dr. Williams, Dr. Thompson, Dr. Walsh.
Assistant Physicians.—Dr. Garrod, Dr. Parkes.
Surgical Physicians.—Mr. Arnott, Mr. Quain, Mr. Morton.
Dental Surgeons.—Mr. Erichsen, Mr. Marshall.
General Surgeon.—Mr. Durnace George.

Medical Clinical Lectures, by Dr. Williams and Dr. Thompson, and also by Dr. Walsh, Professor of Clinical Medicine, whose special duty it is to train the Pupils in the practical study of disease at the bedside during the visits, and also by a series of lectures on examinations on the physical phenomena and diagnosis of disease to classes consisting of a limited number, and meeting at separate hours.

General Clinical Lectures, by Mr. Arnott, and specially by Mr. Quain.

LECTURES ON PATHOLOGICAL CHEMISTRY, by Dr. Garrod. Proprietors may be obtained at the office of the College. Lecturers or Secretaries.—Several of the Professors receive Students to reside with them; and in the office of the College there is a large register of parties unconnected with the College who receive lectures at their families; among these are several medical gentlemen. The Registrar will afford information as to terms and other particulars.

ROBERT E. GRANT, M.D., Dean of the Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

August 1848.

The Lectures to the Classes of the Faculty of Arts commence on the 17th of October.

The Junior School opens on the 26th of September.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

There is a VACANCY for a RESIDENT and NON-RESIDENT PUPIL at this Hospital. Arrangements are made to enable the Pupil to commence and complete his medical education during his apprenticeship, and under very favourable circumstances. Applications to be made to the Apothecary, Mr. T. COOPER, at the Hospital.

August 1848.

Printed forms of application (which should be sent in a week previously to the examination, and the prospectus, containing all information as to the course of study and expense, may be obtained from the Secretary.

August 1848.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—DEPART-

MENT OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.—COURSES OF LECTURES in Divinity, Mathematics, Classics, English Literature, and in the Hebrew, Oriental, and Modern Languages, will RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, October 4, on which day all Students are required to attend Chapel.

New Students must enter on Tuesday, October 3.

Two Scholarships of 30l. each, for three years, and two of 20l. each, for two years, will be filled up at Easter next.

Full information upon every subject may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.
August 1848.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—DEPART-

MENT OF THE APPLIED SCIENCES.—THE CLASSES in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Engineering, Practical Surveying, Architecture, Manufacturing Art and Machinery, Geometrical Drawing, Chemistry, Mineralogy, and the Engineering Works, will RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, October 4, on which day all Students are required to attend Chapel.

New Students must enter on Tuesday, October 3.

One Scholarship of 30l., and one of 20l. each, tenable for two years, will be filled up at Easter next.

Full information upon every subject may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.
August 4, 1848.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—MEDICAL

DEPARTMENT.—THE WINTER SESSION, 1848-9, will COMMENCE on MONDAY, October 2, on which day all Students are expected to attend the Dean's INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at Two o'clock.

One Scholarship of 40l., tenable for three years; one of 30l., and three of 20l. each, tenable for two years, will be filled up in April next.

Full particulars upon every subject may be obtained from Professor Ferguson, Dean of the Department for 1848-9; or upon application at the Secretary's Office.
August 4, 1848.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—PRACTICAL

GEOLOGY AND MINING.—A COURSE of about Twelve LECTURES on the Practical Applications of GEOLOGY to ENGINEERING AND MINING, by Professor D. T. ANSTED, F.G.S., will be commenced on WEDNESDAY, October 4, at Twelve o'clock, and continued each succeeding Wednesday at the same hour.—Fees for attendance, 12s. 6d.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—THE SCHOOL.

—THE NEXT TERM will commence on TUESDAY, Sept. 19, 1848, when new Pupils will be admitted.

11 Pupils are required to attend Chapel on this day.

Two Scholarships of 30l. each, for three years; two of 20l., one of 10l., one of 5l., and one of 2l. each, for two years, will be filled up at Easter next.

Full information upon every subject may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.
August 3, 1848.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY,

Hanover-square and Oxford-street, London.

The Practical Course of Instruction in this Institution is under the direction of Dr. A. W. HOFMANN, and Assistants.

The NEXT SESSION will commence on MONDAY, the 2nd of October, and end on the 28th of February, 1849.

The Fee for Students, working every day during the Session, is

Four days in the week £15 0 0
Three days 10 0 0
Two days 7 0 0
One day 5 0 0

Hours of attendance from Nine to Five.

Further particulars on application to the Secretary.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, Secretary.

CAVENDISH SOCIETY.—Instituted for the

PROMOTION OF CHEMISTRY and its allied Sciences, by the Diffusion of the Literature of these Subjects.—The first Work of the Society, a Volume of CHEMICAL REPORTS AND MEMOIRS, edited by PROFESSOR GRAHAM, is now in course of circulation. The subjects are, Atomic Volume; Isomorphism; Enantiomerism; the Simultaneous Contrast of Colours; the Latent Heat of Steam at different Pressures; the Artificial Formation of Alkaloids and Volcanic Phenomena. In addition, there will be distributed, in return for the first year's subscription of one guinea, the First Volume of GEMMELL'S SYSTEM OF CHEMISTRY, or Two Volumes of that work, in the event of the number of Members being increased to one thousand.—Offices of the Society at Mr. John Joseph Griffin's, 53, Baker-street, Portman-square, where the Works of the Society are supplied, and the Names and Subscriptions of Members received.

ROBERT WARRINGTON, Hon. Sec.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, WILTS.—

THE SITUATION OF MEDICAL OFFICER to this Establishment will be VACANT AT CHRISTMAS NEXT. The salary will be 500l. per annum, with board and residence in the College. Private practice is not allowed. Vaccinator, who must be unmarried, and must possess the certificates of the Royal College of Surgeons and of the Apothecaries' Company, are requested to send in their testimonials on or before the 31st November next, addressed to the Secretary, No. 3, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, London.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.—The indis-

pensable branches of a sound Commercial Education are taught at Mr. FOSTER'S Finishing Establishment, 161, Strand, in a superior manner; and Young Gentlemen are speedily, faithfully, and effectively qualified for Office or Mercantile Pursuits.—Prospectuses post-free.—New ready, 'Foster's Double Entry Encyclopaedia,' 3rd edit. 8s. 6d.—'Foster's Book-keeping Simplified,' 1s.; post-free, 1s. 6d.—'Foster's Penmanship Illustrated,' 2s. 6d.—'Foster's Pencil Copy Books,' 4d. each.

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CLASSES for the GERMAN, FRENCH, and

ITALIAN LANGUAGES are being formed at FRANZ THURN'S PHILOLOGICAL INSTITUTION, 38, New Essex-street. They will commence on the 2nd of October. The languages are taught by Natives. Classes for Ladies in the Morning; for Gentlemen in the Evening. Terms: for one quarter (12 lessons) 2s. 6d. Early applications are requested. Good Teachers for the Modern and Ancient Languages will always be recommended by the Philological Institution; and Translations of Literary Productions, Documents, Letters, &c., are executed from and into all languages.

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OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES, JOHN-STREET, ADELPHI.—THE NEW PRIZE LIST has just been issued, and can be had on application to the Secretary; or see List advertised on pages 786-787 of No. 1085 of the *Athenæum*.

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MR. WILSON'S SCOTTISH ENTERTAIN-

MENT.—WHITTINGTON CLUB and METROPOLITAN ATHLETIC CLUB, 189, Strand.—The Committee having engaged Mr. Wilson previously to his departure for America to give TWO ENTERTAINMENTS on the SONGS of SCOTLAND, the first will take place on WEDNESDAY, September 13, containing a selection of Songs by Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Hogg, &c., and old Ballads; and the second on SATURDAY, September 16, the high popular "Walter Scott" Entertainment, and a selection of Miscellaneous Songs. To commence at Eight o'clock. Admission 2s.; Members, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 3s. Tickets and Programmes may be had at the Institution, and at the principal Libraries and Music-shops.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No.

CLXXVIII.—ADVERTISEMENTS for insertion in the forthcoming Number of THE EDINBURGH REVIEW are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers before MONDAY, the 25th, and BILLS by Wednesday, the 27th inst.

London: Longman & Co. Paternoster-row.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 166.—

ADVERTISEMENTS for the forthcoming Number must be forwarded to the Publisher by the 23rd, and BILLS for insertion by the 25th instant. John Murray, Albemarle-street.

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TO VISITORS TO THE CONTINENT AND TO ARTISTS. MESSRS. J. & R. MCCRACKEN, FOREIGN AGENTS, AND AGENTS to the ROYAL ACADEMY, No. 7, Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility, Gentry and Artists, that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c., from all parts of the Continent, for forwarding through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the shipment of effects to all parts of the world. Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office, as above. Also, M. M. Chenet, No. 28, Rue Croix des Petits Champs (established upwards of fifty years), Packer and Custom-House Agent to the French Court and to the Musée Royal.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848.

REVIEWS

Food, in its Relations to National Spirit.—[Die Ernährung in ihrem Zusammenhang mit dem Volksgesist, &c.] By G. J. Mulder. Translated from the Dutch by J. Moleschott. Utrecht and Düsseldorf, Böttcher; London, Thimm.

For our acquaintance with this curious little treatise we are indebted to Prof. Moleschott of Heidelberg,—who translates, for the benefit of a wider circle of readers, what the eminent Dutch chemist and physiologist particularly designed for his own country. His purpose was to impress the public mind with a conviction of the evils of a potato diet,—in order to which end he has studied to adapt the results of scientific inquiry to the comprehension of ordinary readers; and as the general scope of the tract is popular rather than technical, we shall best represent the learned author on this occasion by reporting his views in the former way. Of the reputation of his strictly scientific essays the adept in physics does not need to be told; nor of the controversy—*ad huc sub judice*—pending between him and Liebig,—whom Mulder does not scruple to pronounce “absolutely unacquainted with physiology” and the author of “deplorable errors.” The antagonism on which this heavy charge arises is raging, not exactly between opposite chemical systems taught at Utrecht and Giessen respectively, but within the heart, as it were, of a theory in the main principles and bearing of which both are agreed. With respect to the prime conditions of the mode in which the organizing processes take place and the inorganic substance ministers to vegetable and animal life, the two philosophers assume the same presiding laws and proceed by similar methods of inquiry and induction; but on the application of these methods to matter of chemical and physiological fact, there has broken out between them a lamentable flow of the polemic *pus atque venenum*, which must be a subject of regret to all who esteem the merits of both. In the present instance we need not follow Mulder in pursuit of the great Hessian chemist; but shall confine our attention to the practical outline of a theory of nutriment which Mulder propounds in especial reference to that ill-starred root, the potato:—the result as well as the nature of his argument being worth notice.

According to Mulder, the meat of every nation mainly determines its moral no less than its physical energies. Certain elements, of which the most important is albumen (or protein, as it has been christened by this author), are required to repair the daily waste of the body; and those articles of food only which contain them in proper quantities can be used by man without the loss of some of his most precious energies, both of body and of mind. Of such aliments, animal flesh, pulse, and the cereal grains are the most corroborative and satisfactory; while rice, arrow-root, and, above all, potatoes, cannot, according to Mulder, become a staple of diet without the eaters not only dwindling in physical condition but growing more dull and torpid in intellectual, also, than befits an enlightened race. To the great prevalence of the potato in peasant, may even in the smaller burgher, kitchens in Holland Mulder does not hesitate to ascribe the chief share in producing what he declares to be a growing lumpishness and, so to speak, potato-mindedness in the people,—which to the ignorant, whose notions of Dutchmen have been gathered only from libellous proverbs and pert sayings current among their neighbours, will seem to be a nearly impossible catastrophe. It is, however, such

alone who will laugh at Mulder's lament over the waning energies of the Hollander. Those who are conversant with his history—those, even, who can read the visible characters impressed on the strange kingdom which he has conquered from the waves, and maintains in despite of them—well know that, whatever he may now be, there was a time when, for patient courage, inflexible will, and an industry that nothing could daunt or weary, the man of the Low Countries had not his equal in Europe. Even now, there are not wanting observers of a superior class who read his present state with other eyes than Mulder's: as may be seen in the following passage from a book of the veteran Arndt's, published not long since, on the characteristics of modern nations,—that occurred to us on reading the Professor's lament for the decline of Dutch energy.—

The southern Germans [says the Prussian author] speak of the Dutchman as of a fellow with more water than blood, or at best mere frogs' blood in his veins—slow, lumpish, stiff, cold, pedantic; a mere abstract, in short, of whatever is tedious, wooden, and formal. Such he appears to strangers; such is the feeling he at first excites in them. But penetrate deeper, observe him longer and more attentively, and you will be forced to reject all such off-hand foolishness and to speak in another tone. * * The Dutchman of to-day stands before you in the consciousness of his prosperity and comfort, and that he is the reclamer and master of that land where nothing would now be heard but the harsh voices of frogs, bitterns, and sea-mews, had not man come thither with the spade and the oar in his hands, exclaiming, “Be thus!” He is the still tame sea-lion laid out on the strand to bask in the enjoyment of the sunshine. * * But once disturb this seemingly quiet animal, chase him from the rest of his sunny lair into the sea, then you will hear how he can roar and spout forth the brine from his nostrils fathoms-high; aye, and his wrath is apt, at times, to storm out in a way that would make every hair on your head tremble with affright.

Shall we believe in the genial insight of the poet and historian,—one, too, who has lived long, seen much, and deeply meditated his experience,—or shall we adopt in full the discouraging medical statement of the distinguished physician? “Something,” perhaps, “may be said on both sides.” We shall not venture to deny the accuracy of an observer so eminent as Mulder, who distinctly avers a decay of power in his countrymen, although we may strongly incline to accept Arndt's explanation of a part, at least, of the apparent falling off. Nor have we a word to say against Mulder's ban of the potato as an article of food, while we may feel some reluctance to admit the supreme virtue of actuals in the “formation of a manly character” to the extent implied—distinctly laid down, indeed—by the chemist. It goes somewhat against our spiritual belief to set up the cook above Cato; to seek the *medulla sapientie* not with Mentor's guidance, but by the aid of marrow-puddings,—and to believe that the “divine particle” in man cannot resist, in the long run, the earthy influences of starch-producing roots taken as a chief article of diet. For to this we must come, if there be more than partial truth in the exhortations of Mulder. Meat makes the man, he says; or if not this, at least, that you cannot keep the man up to the true pitch of his being, unless you give him not merely enough, but the right kind, of food,—which amounts to pretty nearly the same thing.

Strange enough it is to see the revolutions whereby old notions—which the lights of the last century were thought to have driven into the region of night and ignorance for ever—come back to resume a foremost place in the speculations of modern philosophy. Who would have thought to meet with those popular fancies

on the chapter of soup and beef-eating, immortalized by Hogarth in the ‘Gate of Calais,’—in a serious treatise by one of the chief leaders of the science of our times?—

The stouter diet of Englishmen, [says Mulder]—which may be partly a cause, partly the result of a more vigorous activity of the spiritual powers—is closely connected with the mental vigour of this nation;—the French soup with the frivolity mirrored in these two—both equally vague—words, *l'honneur et la gloire*, with which that nation is continually deluding itself. In our country the separatist is usually a hypochondriac: *strengthen his stomach*, give him fortifying nourishment, and *he will raise his spiritual views*, and demand the more vigorous sustenance of an invigorated mind.

By a natural sequence, we come from such conclusions to a due respect for the moral claims of the art of cookery; and must no longer laugh at the magnificent terms in which its professors—of the French nation especially—have been wont to extol their mystery. One would like, by-the-bye, to know how Mulder would explain the fact that the earliest and boldest assertion of what is now seen to be a profound scientific truth should have arisen among the very soup-kettles whose enervating steams he thinks fatal to manliness and clear vision.—

I repeat, that the constitution of the organized body is determined by the manner in which it is composed and preserved. The spiritual powers are intimately bound up therewith, and receive from it impressions which, again, they return by a reactive process. The civilized, the thinking man *therefore* requires a peculiar kind of sustenance—let him make trial by experiments [in secular language, we suppose, go through a course of various bills of fare, &c.], and order his diet accordingly, with the utmost care:—for *thereupon his mental and moral faculty will partly depend*. * * Thus again, it is not merely the nicety of taste that has invented the various preparations [cookery] of food. In the rudest state of nature only does Man, in common with the lion, enjoy his flesh diet raw [and accordingly, while living in this savage fashion, he is apt to resemble to an inconvenient degree the beasts of prey, inasmuch as] * * the process which takes place in the body of a man who indulges in [genuest] human or other merely uncooked flesh is identical with that which goes on in the body of the carnivorous animals.

“To such conclusions must we come at last!” Could the author of that phrase return to life, how would he stare to find eminent natural philosophers of the 19th century earnestly enforcing that very principle which (with a mere error in its application) he had given to us as the wisdom of his Sir Andrew Aguecheeks and Toby Belches!—

“Sir And. Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has! But I am a great eater of beef: and I believe that does harm to my wit.

“Sir Toby. No question.

“Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it.”

Our knights would now learn that the drift of this notion was true; the only mistake being in falling upon the wrong article of food. Yet it might be puzzling, on this theory, to account for the existence at all of the pattern of such incomparable drivellers in a day when Raleigh and potatoes were as yet scarcely known, and England was altogether sustained on various forms of Mulder's favourite *protein*—bread and beef, leeks and cheese, washed down by honest milk or mighty ale. After all, one may see that the ultimate source of human strength and weakness must lie deeper than “is dreamed of in your philosophy.”

The objection, indeed, which Mulder plausibly advances against some of Liebig's inferences from quantitative analysis will be found to apply in part to the scope of his own theory. He points out, sharply enough, some instances of the visible contradiction by experience of con-

clusions which would appear to be inevitable from this process. He cites, amongst other cases, some results thus ascertained by Horsford, the effect of which would be to prove that the nutritive properties of *beech timber, buck-wheat and rice*—each of these substances being composed of certain chemical ingredients in nearly similar proportions—must be almost identical: and dryly adds, "Horsford would not much like to have his own eating regulated by this scale." And in another place we find the following passage; the bearing of which on our minds is still more strongly to prove that the mysteries of nature are as yet far from being entirely revealed by the chemist's analysis,—and that the virtual supremacy of matter is not yet established on a basis of sufficient fact.—

The organic substances are all of them composed of two, three, or four elements—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen; which form divers groups (or combinations), the nature of which is determined by divers causes; and this not, indeed, *exclusively* by the presence or defect of one of these elements, nor even by its quantity,—but by the manner in which the elements are combined with each other. This is apparent from matter of fact—as, for instance, that sugar and acetic acid, both being freed from water, have precisely the same combinations, viz. :—

Carbon...	47.5
Hydrogen...	5.8
Oxygen...	46.7

100.

To explain, therefore, the phenomena of animal life,—still more, to define the influence of matter in its physical relation therewith upon mind,—we are still left to seek some further conditions that analysis has not discovered. And the theory, as regards the latter class of operations especially, is traversed in experience by so many exceptions, that, on merely scientific grounds, one might hesitate to subscribe to conclusions against which the inner voice of man's spiritual consciousness is evermore vehemently protesting.

With this caveat against the naked assertion of any such doctrine as we have already set forth in the language of the unlearned, we may allow both the ingenuity with which Mulder enforces his somewhat alarming notions and the general truth of his charge against the principal object of his attack—"that tragical root, the potato," as it has lately been termed by a writer of our own country. A few instances of his way of dealing with both will afford some idea of the curious materials to be found in this little treatise, and of the author's quaint manner of using them.

Thus, if a labourer, who performs ordinary work, every day converts 100 grammes of albuminous substance into muscle, &c., he must obtain these 100 grammes, at the least, from flesh, fish, eggs, beer, milk, cheese, peas, beans, &c., and however the matter may be viewed, he can consequently—all other things being equal—only perform just so much less work as he may consume less than 100 grammes of albumen per diem. Give him no more than 80, and he will then do less work by one-fifth; and however you may exhort, in whatever way you may urge him, the man cannot work more than this. I admit, indeed, (as I have already admitted before,) that the will may, to a slight degree, replace the effects of sustenance; but let it not be forgotten that *this very will also depends on the condition of our body*; and that, accordingly, *this will itself must again have its due share of albumen, in order that it may be such as shall have power to keep the muscles in action*. Let any one who doubts this have a vein opened, and lose a pound of blood from it; his will on the instant will be found to have sunk, in consequence, a tone or two lower.

We have done with controversy; and shall here put in no plea in rejoinder from the evidence of Socratic deaths, or Books of Martyrs from Sieges of Leyden or Zutphen battle-scenes; wherein a tolerably constant will may

have been shown under the barest possible supply of albumen or in spite of very copious blood-letting. We shall go on with our extracts. The following illustration is both curious and neatly stated:—

Starch and fat are not the less indispensable for the body, even though no muscular substance, no blood may be formed by them. Every man must have fat. The brain is in a great measure composed of it: fat is found in every part of the body. It appears to be very quickly taken up, but also as quickly expended again. If you have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, your eyes become hollow. The fat which surrounds the eye has been abstracted from thence and used up instead of the nutriment which you ought to have obtained elsewhere. When after this fast you take your ordinary food, its ingredients contain fat, of this a portion will again be deposited around the ball of the eye; and in a couple of hours your eyes will again project as much as they usually do.

Of the evils of a diet of potatoes—as containing, of all common esculents, the least quantity of albumen in proportion to their volume, chiefly composed of starch, which Mulder declares to be quite innutritious—a summary is given as follows:—

Now, if that quantity of albumen which is absolutely necessary for the body is to be obtained from potatoes, the stomach must in that case be crammed with such a mass of this provender that it will act injuriously on the whole body. Experience does, indeed, teach us that it is possible to exist on potatoes alone; but this, at all events, is no elastic, no healthy life. So distended, and blown up like a leathern bottle, a stomach that admits much useless matter, and gains from the mass but little that is of use to it, is in an unnatural condition. The bulk of the substance that daily fills the abdomen oppresses the nerves which are in close connexion with the brain. Voracious feeders are lumpish and somnolent; and while, on the one hand, there are introduced into the body no strongly nutritive substances, abounding in materials of which the organism is especially composed—there is brought into the stomach, on the other hand, a quantity of profitless stuff which imparts to the body all the properties of a voracious animal, overloads the blood with useless matter, and stunts it of that which it absolutely requires. Thus, he who eats largely of potatoes cannot, for the reasons given, be elastic;—he receives at once both far too much and far too little.

To this may be added a pregnant remark on the near connexion of spirit drinking with a potato diet.—

Certain it is that we shall never see the abuse of spirituous liquors got rid of until some better sustenance (than potatoes) is provided; since it is determined by the very nature of the organized body that the latter cannot dispense with a certain amount of stimulus; and thus the ignorant will have recourse to one that is destructive to them, so long as a salubrious excitement is denied.

Such observations, intended for Mulder's Dutch countrymen, cannot be here read without suggesting an application to our own in the island of potatoes *par excellence*. By many, the principle which he has laid down may be thought to explain at once the change that is seen to take place in the lounging peasant of Connaught when he is transported as an industrious hodman into the purlieus of St. Giles's. That an improvement in the scale of diet will act in many ways on the tendencies of the lower classes of society, taken in the mass, no observer of mankind perhaps will deny: but that diet is all in all, even to those orders of men,—that it can have any sensible influence whatever in the presence of the many other ruling causes that act on the characters of all orders above the lowest,—we may seriously disbelieve. The question as concerns the former is, no doubt, highly important at all times; and at the present moment, if there be any truth in the late inauspicious rumours of a new appearance of

potato blight, it may again become, in reference to that unlucky root, a topic of immediate and alarming interest. Yet, indeed, from our experience in past years, the general case against the potato, which it was Mulder's object to substantiate in Holland, is already admitted as proved in this country. We all wish to see the poor of these islands better fed:—but there remains, alas! the unlucky fact to be taken to heart—that by merely denouncing an inferior diet we have made but little progress towards the introduction of a better in its stead.

This and all other circumstances of poor living are indeed apt to prolong, but they were first created by, poverty. To assail the effect, unless we can first remove the cause, will but little profit the objects of our solicitude. The poor man does not willingly learn to feed on a worthless root, any more than he likes to wear out his days in ceaseless labour. He would be happy enough to live on beefsteaks and to take his share of holiday pastime, could either process be reconciled to the imperative conditions on which only he can live at all. Something, therefore, more, far more, than disgusting him with potatoes or setting up maypoles will be required to procure him a better diet and a more joyful existence. It is a mere waste of pains, and a puerile misdirection of benevolence, to turn in pursuit of secondary objects from the prime source of the evils of his condition—from the main business of first cutting at the root of that poverty which is the cause of these evils. The value of all treatises which, like the present, denounce the spread of what may be seen to be nothing more than consequences of that lamentable cause, can, therefore, be merely relative. They may most usefully serve to quicken our desire to grapple with the chief monster by showing the ugliness of its manifold brood.

We have been led to conclude in a tone more serious than we began with. On the avowed or implied metaphysics of Mulder's pamphlet—ingenious, lively, and vigorous though it be—we could scarcely avoid being jocular. The practical side of his theory, however, touches upon topics that are no matter for jesting,—and his treatise in this respect well deserves serious perusal; while it will be found to reward the reader—whether an advocate or an opponent of its scientific theory—with an abundance of curious and entertaining details, well calculated to enliven a work intended for popular rather than for learned uses.

POETRY OF THE MILLION.

OUR paper has of late been keeping high court with the philosophers, and dealing as exclusively with the unrhythmical dialect of science as if "all the daughters of music" were "brought low." And so they are—very low—though not in the sense of the Ecclesiast. The reign of science on the earth, whatever other subtraction it may make from their power, takes nothing from their numbers. At any given day of the late congress the bards could still have counted against Swansea. Their singing defies science—in every sense of the defiance. Generally they would be about as unintelligible to the philosopher as the philosopher is to them. But it is comfort to our readers to know that they are singing yet throughout the length and breadth of the land; and it will no doubt be a relief to many, after the long scientific monopoly of our columns, to turn from the strictness of the mathematical numbers to numbers of such perfect independence as are usually found under our present head, and escape from the severity of truth for a pleasanter or two into the pathos of the "Million."

The moment, then, that we let down our

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Second Fie
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Third Fien
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Must begin.
Fourth Fie
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And Thella n
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in front
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Blow
Rise, ri
Blow
Rise, ri
Blow
Rise, ri
First Fien
Second Fie
Third Fien
Fourth Fie
Fifth and S
All, and a
Oh, Misery
Who-brother
What dream
Midnight I—
Fourth Fien

minds into the sublimity of the poets who sing under this designation, we become ourselves poetical—after one of their own fashions—and feel inclined to metaphor and simile. We, too, must have a figure to express our meaning—and on the present occasion it shall be classical. It is a fashion of the day to revivify the ancient Greek myths under modern significations; and amongst others, the fable of the Lernean hydra has been a never-failing resource to poets—as well as to essayists and politicians—who have bestowed on it their various and individual interpretations. We have as good a right to symbolize as another, and the fabulous monster suits our present office well. Our hydra is the poetical “Million.” For every head that we imagine we have lopped off, springing others in hopeless reduplication. A new Hercules must arise to wield the club of criticism before the world shall be fairly rid of this “many-headed monster thing”—the product of the undrained marshes of literature. A fact like this suggests the inquiry whether it might not be good poetico-political economy to let them alone altogether. Ought any conscientious critic even for the sake of summary justice—if the connexion between the punishment of literary crime and its increase can be fairly established—to incur the possible reproduction of such a “head” as that which we have first to introduce on this occasion to our readers?

The title of the volume before us is a somewhat startling one—“*Othello in Hell*,” and its author is stated to be “One in the Ranks!” Our readers will understand that it is of course “one in the ranks” whom we should expect to write a supplement to Shakespeare. It has been objected to the great Bard by some of his critics that he has generally failed to draw the religious consequence from his fancied premises; and in the present instance we have it supplied “from the ranks.” This poet knows very well where the scene of the sixth act must be laid after such a fifth as Shakespeare wrote—and he tortures Othello grievously with his verse. No description can do any justice to his red-hot pitchfork; and we think it will be very useful to intending criminals, if any such read the *Athenæum*, to produce before them a prong of the instrument.

The borders of hell—Othello sleeping on a low couch.

Enter First Fiend.

First Fiend. Othello, to torments wake!

[Fiend walks round Othello, pointing at him.

Enter Second Fiend.

Second Fiend. Murderer! revengeful murderer!

Wake, wake to burn in hell!

[Walks round Othello, pointing at him.

Enter Third Fiend.

Third Fiend. Condemned man of passion, sleep no longer—thy peace is ended.

Turess, to be never ended,

Must begin.

[Walks round Othello, pointing at him.

Enter Fourth Fiend.

Fourth Fiend. Food for devils! Ah, ah! Mr. Thella,

how you are, boy! The Turks are drowned,

And Thella must be burned.

Wake, salamander!

[Fiend strikes Othello, and walks round.

Enter Fifth and Sixth Fiends, running. They suddenly stop in front of Othello—the whole stand still and sing.

Blow high, blow high, blow high!

Blow, blow, blow!

Rise, rise the boil of hell!

[All walk round, singing.

Blow, blow, blow!

Rise, rise the boil of hell!

Rise, rise the boil of hell!

All stand, First Fiend in front.

First Fiend. Wake, brother, wake! [Othello wakes.

Second Fiend. Of hell partake.

Third Fiend. Flames and fury,

Fourth Fiend. For all your war's glory.

Fifth and Sixth. Now you're hell's mate,

And a dish for us all.

Oth. Misery! Oh, what—where am I?—

Who—brother? What—

What dream is on me?

Thought I—methought I—

Fourth Fiend. Killed Desdemona.

Oth. Oh yes, I did—no, no!
It was my hands that killed her.

All sing.

Then leave your hands here,
And be off back again.

Fourth Fiend. You have the spirit of a devil,
And the face of a devil,
And that's the reason

You were sent home to hell.

Oth. Oh, thou unsubstantial, unaccountable,
Incomprehensible monster,

Unleak me!

Fourth Fiend. You're bound in hell, boy O!

Oth. Loose my spirit from the spell

Of this infernal dream!

Recover me to nature, where

Natural things exist!—Oh!

For heaven's sake—

[All rush and point at him with excitement.

Fiends. What!—ha!—hush!

Fourth Fiend. Heaven has no sake for us,

Or for you. Dance away now

To your sulphur!

Oth. By all the powers of horror

And extremity, flames and endless

Damnation! if there's no other hope

For me, I'll engage you.

I never flinched on earth,

And if I am in hell, there is

No more for me than flames.

Devils will be devils—hell owns

All its natives—and if I'm your

Brother we'll all fight at home,

And let the conqueror be

Beelzebub.

[Desdemona appears in white, with the spotted handkerchief in her hand, and clouds under her feet. The Fiends all fall down and look up at her. Desdemona wears the handkerchief.

Des. Othello!—lost Othello!—my love

Is changed—I have no pity

For you—the flames are yours—

And here is your handkerchief,

To wipe the tears from your endless

Weeping eyes [throws him the handkerchief]. I was innocent—

Always innocent—farewell!

Oth. Oh, for one moment wait!

Though my torn heart galls me

To be silent, I cannot speak,

Nor can I call assistance.

Des. Say, or be silent—

Heaven calls me to felicity.

Oth. What! can you not love in heaven,

And I can love in hell?

On earth, no creature ever did extend

Such untired, sweet attention of his love,

As you to scorned Othello bound

In daily tasks. Oh! what a monstrous change is this

I now endure, that, like a gulf,

Between us, binds Othello down

Where devils breed contagion and

Hot flames—O horrors!

Desdemona sings.

Pleasure calls me

Without measure.

On the wings of angels high;

Under villain's bloody hand

I no more, no more can die.

[Desdemona glides away.

Fiends rise, walk round, and sing.

Away! away!

Make up his bed,

Burning clinders for his head,

Melted lava round him pour,

Sprinkle sulphur on his floor!

[Exit Fiends, dragging Othello's couch.

Our readers would doubtless be glad to see others of Shakespeare's great but imperfect designs carried out by the same pen that sketched the above tremendous Inferno. It would be a terrible thing to be Richard the Third in this avenger's hands. Common parables faint before the flight of our Millionaire's genius. The vulgar saying which would characterize the force of the infliction here painted by saying that “it is no joke” is not true in this excellent case. The poet's fine fury is a joke, and a very good joke—as every reader of the extract is at this moment experiencing by his own uncontrollable emotions.

It is very touching to turn from the fiery mood of such a writer as this to his dalliance with the gentler affections. The following two verses from an interesting poem called “The Infant” may seem “singing” very “small” after such a strain as the last:—but it will make the poet very dear to mothers, and give to their laughter a pleasanter and less excruciating form.

Take care of my Josey,

My own little Josey,

The sweetest of babies he's mine;

O where shall we put him

But somewhere on earth?

He's earthy himself, but there never

Was earth formed so lovely as Josey.

Could she whose hand
Oft smooths his brow,
But understand
How much I owe
To her for little Josey—
She'd never, then, suspect that I
To coax another maid would try,
Or use a thought upon the sly,
To make her melancholy.

There is something about this writer from which we cannot part. He has taken fast hold of our affections—and we are neglecting many other “caps and bells” for his supreme sake. To one more *shake* we must treat our readers—if but to show them how our bard runs “through all moods of the lyre and is master of all.” What change shall he “ring” for a last specimen of the mirth that is in him? We are not quite so sure about his philosophy. We suspect it to be funny—but do not exactly understand it. We propose the following sample as a problem to our readers—and shall be glad to receive conjectures as to the real joke.—

Ye streams, so cool, so inviting,
Where is man's history recorded?
Bound in your limber bosom,
Does it dwell in the sound
That alters your position?

Simsy element—

Broke you from chaos with any germ of me?
Under the clamour of sky and mountains,
Seas, whirlwinds, hell, and unshaped reservoir
Of spirit,

Held we one atom?

In matter's early darkness slept we

Together,

Through its mingled, untold void,

Ere matter's God began

To dream of worlds?

Flowing in thee are any human tears

Of ancestors;

Or war's red liquid changed to purer hue?

My brow, moist from the summer's sun,

My eye, that flows to greet thy loveliness,

Bear they away what once flowed here

In cooling shades?

'Tis easy here to mingle them again,

So flow the drops away,

Lost to mortal eyes—yet, never lost,

Important as the greatest flood.

They make the stream no greater;

Yet, by such measures,

The entire earth, the sun, the universe,

Might away be taken,

And swept in million distances beyond

The stretch of vacancy immense;

And all these beauties, systems, families, and lives,

Cast into universal wreck,

Without an atom spared

To echo its remembrance!

This azure arch—the fluid magazine

Of animal respiration—

The carpet of the sun—

Earth's mossy bed—

How placidly, within its easy bosom, float

The shapely symmetry of clouds;

The day is glad,

And shakes with well-met heaven,

A joyful pair of hands.

We have much pleasant matter before us; and yet we feel that we have nothing which will not suffer by comparison with this particular “One in the Ranks.” Ours has been a spend-thrift course—we should have kept him for the last. We will offer no more spices on the present occasion to palates so highly excited—but rather deal with a few of the mere mediocrities of verse that lie before us. The author of *Midnight Effusions* prefaces his poems with a long and laboured apology for writing them. He is a lawyer, and the preface in question reads like a bit of special pleading—badly done. He might have assured himself that he was no true son of the Muses by the anxiety which he shows to protect his professional character against the poetical imputation, and to escape the inference that he has been penning stanzas “when he should engross.” From his chambers in Church Court, Temple, he favours the public with a succinct history of his own psychological and professional developments. He then proceeds to illustrate the game laws, their character and results, and his peculiar opinions thereon, by a long poem in heroic metre, entitled “Arthur Mervyn.” Like Crabbe, Mr. Carter invests his personages with the realities of hob-nailed shoes and linsey-wolsey petticoat; but he fails entirely

to inspire them with the simple and natural grace which elevated the worthy Vicar's pictures of commonest humanity. The story of 'Arthur Mervyn' decomposed into prose would make an essay on the game laws or a moral tale of the times. We throw out the hint for Mr. Samuel Carter's edification. For the sake of law and poetry alike, we feel that we would rather see him shake hands with the Muse and part.

Glimpses of the Beautiful is a misnomer. With the aid of Mr. Henderson's verse-telescope we get no single peep at anything that deserves the name.—*Lays and Rhymes for the Times* carries its best specimen of verse on its title-page. It is meant as a handbook of rhythmical loyalty for the use of the heroes of the 10th of April. The author, J. S., may fairly be regarded as the Tyrtæus of the "Specials."—While this bard of the "Million" celebrates the throne and the state, "Richard, Lord Bishop of Down, Connor and Dromore" lays down the crozier and takes up the lyre for the defence of his church. His *Matin Bells* is composed of smooth and not inelegant verses; but no outburst of poet-fire disturbs the classic folds of the episcopal lawn.

The Contrast, by David Wardlaw Scott, apparently owes its chief claim as verse to the friendly aid of some tasteful compositor, who has subdivided and arranged the lines so as ingeniously to deceive the reader and impress him with the idea that he has opened a volume of poetry. But the illusion is soon dispelled. The book "keeps the word of promise to the" eye,—and that is all. Witness the following eccentric effort at metrical stanza.—

In that cottage where the glade in beauty openeth,
Disclosing a meadow of the emerald's hue,
And that pensile willow which weepeth in solitude,
Was born the mock Apollon.

His father died while he was still an infant;
But he was reared with that fond solicitude
Which the widowed parent possesseth for the image
Of him whom she loved next to God.

He struggled on through the strait of poverty,
Preferring independence to the aid of friends;
For he felt that man should live by his exertions,
And not be ashamed of labour.

An extract like this will in all probability prevent our readers from being very anxious about Mr. Scott's "*Other Poems*."

The little volume entitled *Return again Whittington, and other Poems*, is a tribute by one of its members, Dunstan Dormouse, to the Whittington Club: and the introductory poem, which adopts the legend, gives indications of a poetical feeling which all the after ones fail to confirm. The intellectual worker has, however, a right to be judged by his best; and our readers will see that there is simple beauty and something of poetic suggestion in such verses as the following. To say one word more for them would be to raise a test which they cannot bear.—

Oppression, Sorrow, Want, Despair,
Within this legend old appear,
And Hope, that always comes at last,
The willing heart to cheer.

That poor boy by the moss-crown'd stone,
Whose name we all remember well,
But images the many tears
Which since that day have fell:

But pictures those who since that time
Have gazed upon the clouded sky,
And seeing there no glance of hope,
Have then sat down to sigh.

Have look'd upon their little all,
Within a humble bundle bound,
And having found no comfort there,
Listen'd to every sound:—

To breeze and bee, and leaf and bird,
The bells that merrily rang on—
And seemed to say—Despair not yet—
"Turn again, Whittington."

The peal he heard is not yet mute;
Now high, now low, remote or near;
The self-same sounds have others heard,
Through many a changing year.

The silver bells went chiming on,
And, as he listen'd, seem'd to say—

"Thy face is now turn'd city-ward,
Rise up and go thy way."

"Within those wide and winding streets,
Whose ever-moving crowds sweep on,
Are other hearts as sad as thine—
Despair not, Whittington."

The Rescued, and other Poems adds the name of Anne Beale to the formidable list of young ladies "who write with ease." The charitable intent with which her volume is published to a certain degree places it out of the pale of criticism: and we are glad of any excuse for letting it float quietly down the waters of a certain dark stream which will soon, we fear, be choked up by our "Million" and their productions,—so that their tuneful successors will no longer have an escape into their best refuge—Oblivion.

Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and of the Museum of Practical Geology in London. Longman & Co.

THE importance of a close examination of the geological character of an island which, like our own, is distinguished for the variety and value of its mineral formations, is denied by none. This task has been performed, as far as it has gone, in the most satisfactory manner; and the Geological Maps which have been published of Cornwall, Devon, Somersetshire, and nearly one half of Wales, by the Government Survey, bear evidence of great care and industry on the part of those to whom the examination has been entrusted. The mineral lodes of Cornwall, Devonshire, and Cardiganshire have all been surveyed, and are indicated on the maps by gold lines. The coal basins of Dean Forest, Bristol, and South Wales, showing the outcrop of each bed, have been laboriously examined and are carefully laid down; and beyond this the characters and situations of each variety of rock formation are distinctly coloured. In one respect, however, we should desire to see an addition made—either on these, or by another set of maps—if practicable, to the knowledge here conveyed. Though useful to the man of science, to the engineer, to the miner, and to the builder, these Geological Maps do not afford much information to the agriculturist. Although to a certain extent the characters of neighbouring rocks indicate some of the conditions of the soil which rests upon them, yet it frequently happens that the superficial deposits or accumulations are of a decidedly different character from the buried rocks. A knowledge of the soil and sub-soil of the various portions of our kingdom is much required by our agriculturists; and we trust this subject will engage the attention of the director of the Geological Survey and his excellent staff of officers.

Since a vast amount of information is continually accumulating during the Survey which cannot be expressed in maps, it has been determined wisely that from time to time this knowledge shall be given to the public in the form of 'Memoirs,' by the officers engaged in particular branches of inquiry. The present volume, which is published in two parts, is the second that has emanated from this branch of the public service. The first part is devoted to a Geological and Palæontological Survey of the Malvern district, by Prof. John Phillips; and the second to Memoirs by Dr. Hooker, Prof. Edward Forbes, Mr. Robert Hunt, and Mr. Warrington Smyth, together with the Report of Sir Henry De la Beche and Dr. Playfair on the Coals suited to the Steam Navy,—an examination of the building stones made in the laboratory of the Museum of Practical Geology,—and an important set of Tables, showing the value of our copper and lead mines, compiled in the Mining Record Office. The names given are a sufficient guarantee that the work has been ably executed. The character of the Memoirs pre-

vents our making any extracts from the volume; which will, we conceive, be found highly useful to all who are interested in the subjects of which it treats, as matters either of scientific interest or of economic importance.

We could have desired that much of the information should have been available in a cheaper form; as we fear the price of these two parts, rendered high by the maps and numerous engravings of fossils which they contain, will prevent the volume from finding its way into quarters where it would otherwise prove useful.

The Geological Survey is a national work,—and all the information which it can afford should be placed before the public in the best form at the least possible expense. In the Museum of Practical Geology we have a good exemplification of the principle that we desire to see still further extended. There we have—and shortly shall have more extensively—developed the conditions of our mineralogical treasures, the characters of our building stones; and other natural productions, together with the useful and ornamental applications of our geological productions; and to this the public are daily admitted without any charge. Instruction of the best class is thus afforded to every one who is interested in its particular objects—and what order of Englishmen is there who is not? We earnestly desire that the same liberal spirit which prevails over that establishment may be extended to the publications of the Geological Maps and the Memoirs of the Geological Survey.

Diary of Samuel Pepys. Edited by Lord Braybrooke. Vol. III. Colburn.

PEPYS had a lively sense of what a Diary should be like—and a very delightful publication of the kind he has left us. Lord Braybrooke has a dull notion of the duties of an editor—and Pepys from his Lordship's hands receives but little assistance, and that assistance of a useless and at times a very inaccurate description. Lord Braybrooke's offences are, however, less numerous in the third volume than in either of the two preceding ones. Not that his range of information has been enlarged or his researches have become more curious; but the notes are fewer in number, and instead of turning at every obscure allusion to a note for what is not there—or only half there—the reader is obliged to be content with what Pepys himself has told or what his own range of reading can supply. It is well perhaps that this is so. Why should Pepys be made to carry the blunders of his editor? Personalities and errors are too often perpetuated by the good matter to which they are appended. Warburton always had a new edition of Pope as a ready receptacle for a passage of abuse,—and Lord Braybrooke has a monopoly of Pepys for the display of what knowledge he possesses of our literature and stage and of English history and English manners during the ten important years over which the Diary extends.

The principal points of historical importance in the present volume relate to the Plague and the Fire:—and the more amusing passages are those relating to Mrs. Knipp the actress, and to the courtship and marriage of Sir George Carteret's son and the daughter of the Earl of Sandwich. The new matter is nearly half the volume; and events appear to be put under their proper dates—not, as heretofore, jumbled together, Saturday with Sunday and Tuesday with the day before or the day after. That the pruning knife was used with a careless hand and with little knowledge, the present volume affords additional instances. Here is a striking illustration of what we state. We quote from the old edition.—

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Brouncker says, spends his time the most viciously and idle of any man, nor will be fit for anything." This, as Pepys wrote it, wears a very different character.—

"16 Dec. 1666.—Lord Brouncker tells me, that he do not believe the Duke of York will go to sea again, though there are many about the King that would be glad of any occasion to take him out of the world, he standing in their ways; and seemed to mean the Duke of Monmouth, who spends, &c."

Here is another still more curious instance of editorial rashness. We quote from the old edition.—

"20 Feb. 1666/7.—They talk how the king's violin, Bannister, is mad; that the king hath a Frenchman come to be chief of some part of the king's musique."

The passage from which this was concocted runs as follows:—

"20 Feb. 1666/7.—To Whitehall.... When we come to the Duke of York here, I heard discourse how Harris of his playhouse is sick, and everybody commends, and above all things for acting the Cardinal. They talked how the king's violin, Bannister, is mad, that the king hath a Frenchman come to be chief of some part of the king's musique, at which the Duke of York made great mirth."

In the first entry we are told two distinct facts: first, that Bannister was mad,—and, secondly, that the King had a French musician coming over; while in the entry as Pepys wrote it, Bannister is only angry [mad] that the king should prefer a foreigner to an English musician. The foreigner was Louis Grabu, though Lord Braybrooke does not tell us so.

Lord Braybrooke is still very imperfectly acquainted with the history of our drama and stage. As late as 1677, he says, the name of Mrs. Knipp occurs among the actors in the 'Wily False One.' There is no such play. His lordship has heard of D'Urfey's 'Madam Fickle; or, The Witty False One,'—but this, unhappily, will not serve his turn, for Mrs. Knipp had no part in the piece. This is not a misprint, because the same error occurs in the 4to. Another instance of carelessness, or something worse, is appended to Pepys's reference to 'The Chances,'—which he saw at the King's House, on the 5th of Feb. 1666/7. "A good play," he says, "I find it, and the actors most good in it; and pretty to hear Knipp sing in the play, very properly, 'All night I weep;' and sung it admirably. The whole play pleases me well." Now, the note to this is, "A comedy by the Duke of Buckingham;" which it certainly could not be, as the Duke's play of that name was not brought out till 1682—fifteen years after Pepys saw 'The Chances;' which, in all probability, was Beaumont and Fletcher's play, with the addition of a song between the acts like that of 'All night I weep,'—which is not in Beaumont and Fletcher or in the Duke of Buckingham. A competent editor would have supplied a note about the earliest reference to Hysman the painter's residence in this country,—one of the valuable passages suppressed in former editions. He would have told us that Roetier was "the famous engraver"—that Doll Common was Mrs. Corey, the actress—that Mrs. Ball (sic) the actress, was Betty Hall, the mistress of Sir Philip Howard—that "my little goldsmith Stokes" was Humphry Stocks, the banker, at the Black Horse in Lombard Street—that the date in Pepys of Tom Chiffinch's death differs from his tombstone—that Sir William Berkeley's body was recovered from the Dutch, and buried in Westminster Abbey—that the best account of the Houbblons and Lethieulliers might be found in Strype—that Pepys's imperfect account of the Duke of Buckingham's quarrels with Lords Ossory and Ashley might be found in Lord Arlington's letters in the 'Miscellanea Aulica.' Again, public

documents of importance alluded to by the writer might, when printed, as is often the case, have been referred to in a note; and it were surely the duty of an editor to tell us that Pepys's paper, called 'my Business about the Purser's'—for which the writer received, as he records in the 'Diary,' the thanks of Sir William Coventry and the Duke of York—might be found in one of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum as Mr. Pepys's 'New Year's Gift to Sir William Coventry.'

It would be easy to swell this list of omissions; but we have perhaps instanced enough to make good our position, that the book is not edited at all. Here, then, we should quit this catalogue of omissions but for a particular note in which Lord Braybrooke differs from ourselves. Pepys sat to Hales for his portrait.—

"1666, March 17. To Hales's, and paid him 14l. for the picture and 1l. 5s. for the frame. This day I began to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's; and I sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by."

"March 30. To Hales's, and there sat till almost quite dark upon working my gown, which I hired to be drawn in; an Indian gowne."

"April 11. To Hales's, where there was nothing found to be done more to my picture, but the musique, which now pleases me mightily, it being painted true."

On this Lord Braybrooke observes,—

"An anonymous portrait answering this description was sold at Christie's, in May, 1848, with other pictures formerly belonging to Pepys, and since in Mr. Cockerell's collection; but the person represented appears to be much older than our journalist, and the features no way resemble other likenesses of him."

We observed at the time [*ante*, p. 538], in the account of the sale at Christie's, that the "anonymous portrait" was the portrait of Pepys himself.—

"The portrait is 'full of shadows'—the head is turned sufficiently over the shoulder—he wears his hired Indian gown—and the 'musique' which he holds in his hand and which pleased him so mightily is his own song of 'Beauty, retire.' The notes are painted true, and the words 'Beauty, retire,' are written at the head. The picture is in capital condition, and deserves to be engraved."

Lord Braybrooke fails to see that the picture more than answers the description; and that, in short, the picture is the key to the passage in the Diary,—for without it there is no understanding what Pepys means by the "musique" being painted true. We may reassure our readers that "the anonymous portrait" sold among the Pepys Cockerell pictures at Christie's in May, 1848, is the portrait of Pepys by Hales described in Pepys's Diary,—that it has been examined by portrait painters and engravers with the several engravings of Pepys, and declared to be one and the same man. We ourselves have also re-examined it; and since the publication of this very volume of the Diary have been enabled to decipher certain words at the head of the "musique" too much faded to be read without some previous knowledge of what they were. In the present volume of the Diary and among the suppressed passages is the following entry.—

"6 Dec. 1665. I spent the afternoon upon a song of Solyman's words to Roxolana that I have set."

What these "words" were Lord Braybrooke (of course) omits to tell. This, however, the picture enables us to do:—the heading of the "musique" in the picture being 'Solyman to Roxolana' and the words themselves occurring (we may observe—Lord Braybrooke does not) in the second part of 'The Siege of Rhodes,' by Sir William Davenant.—

Beauty, retire! Thou dost my pity move!

Believe my pity, and then trust my love!

Exit Roxolana.

At first I thought her by our Prophet sent
As a reward for Valour's toils;
More worth than all my Father's spoils:
And now she is become my punishment.
But thou art just, O Power Divine!
With new and painful Arts
Of study'd War, I break the Hearts
Of half the World, and she breaks mine.

Exit.

We think (considering the quarter from whence the picture was derived) that we have sufficiently identified Hales's portrait of Pepys with "the anonymous portrait" sold at Christie's under Lord Braybrooke's own title of 'A Portrait of a Musician.' We may add that it is the very Pepys of the Diary; whereas the head by Kneller, engraved by R. White, is the portrait of the sober old Secretary who had ceased to frequent theatres and to be mad about Beck Allen and that merry jade Mrs. Knipp.

But it is time to turn to the volume; which abounds in new and curious matter. Our extracts are of course confined to the hitherto suppressed passages.—

"13 May 1665. To the 'Change, after office, and received my watch from the watch-maker, and a very fine [one] it is, given me by Briggs, the scrivener. But, Lord, to see how much of my old folly and childishness hangs upon me still, that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand, in the coach, all this afternoon, and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times, and am apt to think with myself, how could I be so long without one; though I remember since, I had one, and found it a trouble, and resolved to carry one no more about me while I lived."

"28 May 1665. To Sir Philip Warwick's to dinner, where abundance of company come in unexpectedly; and here I saw one pretty piece of household stuff, as the company increaseth, to put a larger leaf upon an oval table. After dinner, much good discourse with Sir Philip, who, I find, I think a most pious good man, and a professor of a philosophical manner of life, and principles like Epictetus."

"31 May 1665. To Hysman's, the painter, who, I intend, shall draw my wife. He was not within, but I saw several good pictures."

"22 June 1665. In great pain whether to send my mother into the country to-day or no; I hearing, by my people, that the poor wretch hath a mind to stay a little longer, and I cannot blame her. At last, I resolved to put it to her, and she agreed to go, because of the sickness in town, and my intentions of removing my wife. She was to the last unwilling to go, but would not say so, but put it off till she lost her place in the coach, and was fain to ride in the waggon part."

"17 July 1665. But, Lord! to see, among other things, how all these great people here are afraid of London, being doubtful of anything that comes from thence, or that hath lately been there, that I was forced to say that I lived wholly at Woolwich."

"24 Nov. 1665. To London, and there, in my way, at my old oyster shop in Gracious Streete, bought two barrels of my fine woman of the shop, who is alive after all the plague, which now is the first observation or inquiry we make at London concerning everybody we know."

"6 Dec. 1665. I spent the afternoon upon a song of Solyman's words to Roxolana that I have set, and so with my wife walked and Mercer to Mrs. Pierce's, where Captain Rolt and Mrs. Knipp, Mr. Coleman and his wife, and Laneare, Mrs. Worshipp and her singing daughter, met; and by and by, unexpectedly comes Mr. Pierce from Oxford. Here the best company for musique I ever was in, in my life, and wish I could live and die in it, both for musique and the face of Mrs. Pierce, and my wife, and Knipp, who is pretty enough; but the most excellent, mad-humoured thing, and sings the noblest that ever I heard in my life, and Rolt, with her, some things together, most excellently. I spent the night in an ecstasy almost; and, having invited them to my house a day or two hence, we broke up."

"9 Dec. 1665. To Mr. Hill, and sang, among other things, my song of 'Beauty, retire,' which he likes, only excepts against two notes in the base, but likes the whole very well."

"2 Jan. 1665-6. Up by candle-light again, and my business being done, to my Lord Brouncker's,

and there find Sir J. Minnes and all his company, and Mr. Boreman and Mrs. Turner, but above all my dear Mrs. Knipp, with whom I sang, and in perfect pleasure I was to hear her sing, and especially her little Scotch song of 'Barbary Allen;' and to make our mirth the completer, Sir J. Minnes was in the highest pitch of mirth, and his mimical tricks, that ever I saw, and most excellent pleasant company he is, and the best musique that ever I saw, and certainly would have made a most excellent actor, and now would be an excellent teacher of actors. Then, it being past night, against my will, took leave."

"3 Jan. 1665-6. Home, and find all my good company I had bespoke, as Coleman and his wife, and Laneare, Knipp and her surly husband; and good musick we had, and among other things, Mr. Coleman sang my words I set of 'Beauty, retire,' and they praise it mightily."

"5 Jan. 1665-6. Home, thinking to get Mrs. Knipp, but could not, she being busy with company, but sent me a pleasant letter, writing herself 'Barbary Allen.'"

"6 Jan. 1665-6. To a great dinner and much company. Mr. Cuttle and his lady and I went, hoping to get Mrs. Knipp to us, having wrote a letter to her in the morning, calling myself 'Dapper Dicky,' in answer to her's of 'Barbary Allen,' but could not, and am told by the boy that carried my letter that he found her crying; and I fear she lives a sad life with that ill-natured fellow her husband: so we had a great, but I am melancholy dinner. After dinner to cards, and then comes notice that my wife is come unexpectedly to me to town: so I to her. It is only to see what I do, and why I come not home; and she is in the right that I would have a little more of Mrs. Knipp's company before I get away. My wife to fetch away my things from Woolwich, and I back to cards, and after cards to choose King and Queene, and a good cake there was, but no marks found; but I privately found the clove, the mark of the knave, and privately put it into Captain Cocke's piece, which made some mirth, because of his lately being known by his buying of clove and mace of the East India prizes."

"15 June 1665-6. To Mrs. Pierce, to her new house in Covent Garden, a very fine place and fine house. Took her thence home to my house, and so by water to Boreman's by night, where the greatest disappointment that ever I saw in my life—much company, a good supper provided, and all come with expectation of excess of mirth, but all blank through the waywardness of Mrs. Knipp, who, though she had appointed the night, could not be got to come. Not so much as her husband could get her to come; but, which was a pleasant thing in all my anger, I asking him, while we were in expectation what answer one of our many messengers would bring, what he thought, whether she would come or no, he answered that, for his part, he could not so much as think. At last, very late, and supper done, she came undressed, but it brought me no mirth at all."

"10 Mar. 1666. I find at home Mrs. Pierce and Knipp come to dine with me. We were mighty merry; and, after dinner, I carried them and my wife out by coach to the New Exchange, and there I did give my Valentine, Mrs. Pierce, a dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings, and Knipp for company, though my wife had, by my consent, laid out 20s. on her the other day, six pair of gloves."

"12 May 1666. I find my wife troubled at my checking her last night in the coach, in her long stories out of Grand Cyrus, which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner. This she took unkindly, and I think I was to blame indeed; but she do find with reason, that, in the company of Pierce, Knipp, or other women that I love, I do not value her or mind her as I ought. However, very good friends by and by."

"29 May 1666. My wife comes to me to tell me that if I would see the handsomest woman in England, I shall come home presently; and who should it be but the pretty lady of our parish, that did heretofore sit on the other side of our church, over against our gallery, that is since married—she with Mrs. Anne Jones, one of this parish, that dances finely. And so I home; and indeed she is a pretty black woman—her name Mrs. Horsey. But, Lord! to see how my nature could not refrain from the

temptation; but I must invite them to go to Fox-hall, to Spring Gardens, though I had freshly received minutes of a great deal of extraordinary business. However, I sent them before with Creed, and I did some of my business; and so after them, and find them there, in an arbour, and had met with Mrs. Pierce, and some company with her. So here I spent 20s. upon them, and were pretty merry. Among other things, had a fellow that imitated all manner of birds, and dogs, and hogs, with his voice, which was mighty pleasant."

"2 July 1766. Called by Pegg Penn to her house, where her father and mother, and Mrs. Norton, the second Roxolana, a fine woman, indifferent handsome, good body, and hand, and good mind, and pretends to sing, but do it not excellently."

"Aug. 29, 1666. Found Sir W. Penn talking to Orange Moll, of the King's house, who, to our great comfort, told us that they began to act on the 18th of this month."

"20 Oct. 1666. Walking with Sir H. Cholmly long in the gallery, he told me, among many other things, how young Harry Killigrew is banished the Court lately for saying that my Lady Castlemaine was a little wanton when she was young. This she complained to the King of; and he sent to the Duke of York, whose servant he is, to turn him away. The Duke of York hath done it, but takes it ill of my Lady that he was not complained to first. She attended him to excuse it, but ill blood is made by it."

"27 Oct. 1666. Home to dinner, where Mrs. Pierce and her boy and Knipp, who sings as well, and is the best company in the world, dined with us, and infinite merry. The playhouses begin to play next week. Towards evening I took them out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought things, and I did give each of them a pair of jesmy plain gloves, and another of white. Here Knipp and I walked up and down to see handsome faces, and did see several. Then carried each of them home, and, with great pleasure and content, home myself."

"14 Nov. 1666. To Knipp's lodging, whom I find not ready to go home with me; and there staid reading of Waller's verses, while she finished dressing, her husband being by. Her lodging very mean, and the condition she lives in; yet makes a show without doors, God bless us! I carried him along with us into the City, and set him down in Bishopsgate Street, and then home with her."

"15 Jan. 1666-7. This afternoon, Knipp acts Mrs. Weaver's great part in 'The Indian Emperour,' and is coming on to be a great actor. But I am so fell to my business, that I, though against my inclination, will not go."

"24 Jan. 1666-7. To supper in the Office, a cold, good supper, and wondrous merry. Here was Mrs. Turner, also, and Mrs. Markham: after supper to dancing again and singing, and so continued till almost three in the morning, and then, with extraordinary pleasure, broke up—only towards morning Knipp fell a little ill, and so my wife home with her to put her to bed, and we continued dancing and singing; and, among other things, our Mercer unexpectedly did happen to sing an Italian song I know not, of which they two sung the other two parts—two that did almost ravish me, and made me in love with her more than ever with her singing. As late as it was, yet Rolt and Harris would go home to-night, and walked it, though I had a bed for them; and it proved dark, and a misty night, and very windy. The company being all gone to their homes, I up with Mrs. Pierce to Knipp, who was in bed; and we waked her, and sung a song, and then left my wife to see Mrs. Pierce in bed to her, in our best chamber, and so to bed myself, my mind mightily satisfied: only the musique did not please me, they not being contented with less than 30s."

"13 Feb. 1666-7. To Dr. Clerke's by invitation. Here was his wife painted, and her sister Worship, a widow now, and mighty pretty, in her mourning. Here was also Mr. Pierce and Mr. Floyd, Secretary to the Lords Commissioners of Prizes, and Captain Cooke to dinner, an ill and little mean one, with foul cloth and dishes, and everything poor. Discoursed most about plays and the Opera, where, among other vanities, Captain Cooke had the arrogance to say that he was fain to direct Sir W. Davenant in the breaking of his verses into such and such lengths,

according as would be fit for music, and how he used to swear at Davenant, and command him that way, when W. Davenant would be angry, and find fault with this or that note—a vain coxcomb he is, though he sings and composes so well. Dr. Clerke did say that Sir W. Davenant is no good judge of a dramatick poem, finding fault with his choice of a Henry the 5th, and others, for the stage, when I do think, and he confesses, 'The Siege of Rhodes' as good as ever was writ."

"22 Mar. 1667. My wife having dressed herself in a silly dress of a blue petticoat uppermost, and a white satin waistcoat and white hood, though I think she did it because her gown is gone to the tailor's, did, together with my being hungry, which always makes me peevish, make me angry."

Lord Braybrooke is fond of genealogical notes, but is seldom accurate. In the present volume we find him describing the witty Earl of Dorset as Duke of Dorset,—which he never was; and in a former volume we remember a very long note on the Monson family full of blunders. William Lord Monson was the second son of Sir William Monson the Admiral,—not, as Lord Braybrooke states, of Sir Thomas Monson, Bart. "His proper title," says Lord Braybrooke, "was Viscount Castlemaine;"—but in all contemporary documents public and private, in the Journals of the House of Commons and in every authority he is called Viscount or Lord Monson or Mounson. He always signed himself W. Monson. Lord Braybrooke's note would also imply that the present Lord is not descended equally with the late Lord from the eldest son of Sir Thomas Monson,—which he is; while the same note winds up its many errors with an assertion that Lord Castlemaine "left no male issue to inherit his disgrace,"—whereas he left a son, Alston Monson, by his second marriage, who survived his father, arrived at manhood, died a bachelor in 1674, and was buried in St. Martin's in the Fields.

Italy in the Nineteenth Century, contrasted with its Past Condition. By James Whiteside, Esq. 3 vols. Bentley.

We are disappointed in this book—the real title of which should have been, 'Florence, Rome and Naples'; Milan and the other Lombard towns being hardly touched—Venice not at all. Then, the all but utter lack of matter original in description or thought is disheartening. Two years' residence should have yielded more with regard to the present condition of Italy than knowledge where to apply the scissors. But of novelty there is little or none. With regard to one class of topics embraced, we have long felt that enthusiasm and commonplace, however they be described as standing at the antipodes one of the other, are apt strangely to coincide and frequently to shake hands. Florence and the Medici family—the Barberini Palace and Beatrice Cenci—the Pope and all the power that in him lies to work Protestant Christendom weal or woe—it seems to us that every one of these topics is as well worn as the paragraph about the pawnbrokers' (or Lombards') arms, which Elia assures us the paragraph-mongers of his time were accustomed to use when the joke or "dreadful accident" of the day failed. To illustrate our criticisms:—as a traveller's manual, these volumes have small value. The bad health to amend which Mr. Whiteside journeyed abroad made him more sensitive to creature discomforts than the average tourist will be—and unable to make those minute observations which alone can render the record of so hackneyed a route interesting. Further, the promises of the titles of the chapters are loosely kept. He who professing to write an essay on the Alpine passes as means of access to Italy, leaves out the Stelvio, can be likened only to the chronicler of Shakspeare's tragedies who

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should fail to speak of 'Macbeth,' 'Lear,' or 'Othello.' So far as we are able to test the book by personal experience, Mr. Whiteside's descriptions are meagre, and not very accurate. Again: interests, names and incidents with which persons less occupied at home and more accustomed to look abroad have been long familiar, appear to have broken in upon him with the freshness of novelty. To find the tune, 'Ti voglio ben assai' noted seems to us as superfluous a matter as a transcript of 'God save the King' would now appear to the inhabitant of Berlin or of Leipzig. Who could have expected to encounter yet one more version of Manzoni's

S' ode a destra uno squillo di tromba?

(the translator being this time Mr. Anster—who has, as usual, failed to convey any idea of the glory of the original versification). 'Il Cinque Maggio,' too, might really now, we think, be laid by for awhile—so hacked and hewed has it been by poet and poetaster. Yet here it is again—and, what is more marvellous still, an example from 'I Promessi Sposi'! Some years ago, when American manners were more frequently and unfairly discussed than is now the case, we recollect that the apologists, when they had named one person after another denounced as falling short of the mark, used always to end by asking with an air of triumph, "Well, but have you known Mr. —?" The flinging of this one and the same *show-gentleman* in an antagonist's teeth was always felt by us to be "the unkindest cut of all" against the new country—and really, little less cruel to the modern romance and poetry of Italy is the merciless admiration lavished on the admirable Manzoni. It is something akin to the pure Parisian's blind respect for our Lord Mayor. The Parisian conceives of no other English greatness—and, accordingly, dreams of the Mansion House as the one "good house" in London.

Mr. Whiteside wisely, and kindly, is moderate in his artistic disquisitions. In statistics, political economy, and like subjects, he leans largely upon Von Raumer, Mittermaier, Bell and others. We have many citations from 'Childe Harold' and 'Corinne,' some from Andersen, and a few from Mrs. Hamilton Gray—but hardly a word about manners; too little, indeed, that might not have been written in Merion Square for any delicate appreciation or lively description conveyed. On matters of religion our author is more diffuse; his remarks on Roman Catholicism being written in a more temperate spirit than pervades the strictures and warnings of many tourists holding his opinions. But here, too, Mr. Whiteside contents himself with the commonest facts—and in generalizing from these his assertions sweep so widely as sometimes to over-sweep the truth. For instance, speaking of the well-known miracle of St. Januarius, after citing a passage from the Memoirs of General Pepius (!), Mr. Whiteside continues,—"These impostures dare not be attempted in Roman Catholic Bavaria or France, yet they flourish under the eyes of the rulers of the infallible church," &c. Our author, in his anxiety to point a period, has forgotten, it seems, the *Estetica* of Capriano in the Italian Tyrol—and the cure purported to be wrought upon Mdlle. von Vischering by the Holy Coat at Treves, which led to a religious revolution in Germany. Only the other day—no later (might we not now say no earlier?) than 1841—the Petrus Kirche at Munich was crowded day after day for the sake of a particular painted "*Ecce Homo*" which moved its eyes and performed wonderful cures. The question whether such transactions do or do not extend beyond the verge of a particular circle is of small consequence to Mr. Whiteside's argument; but his limitation, in the face

of circumstances so recent and so noised abroad, tells so unfavourably regarding his care and circumspection in the collection of evidence as to justify us in rating him—in polemics as in literary knowledge and descriptive power—among the commonplace. He mentions with justifiable reprobation the fact of Padre Ventura having preached a sermon from a text not to be found in the Prophecy cited:—but the tale may, with some modifications, be turned against himself, as one who is, on insufficient data, oracular.

Yet, among the mass of dead matter which makes up this work will be found some living pages. As we have said some score of times, there is scarcely any tour in Italy, be it ever so dry, which has not its *oases*—there are hardly any sketches so flimsy but that some unfinished picture may be completed by them or some new object revealed. While turning over the very slight note-book of Madame (or Mdlle.) Lewald, we learned how ladies fare who go into retreat (as the phrase is) a fortnight before Easter. Mr. Whiteside's contributions give us the interiors of one or two law courts—and, as doing so, are interesting.—

"The narrative of a curious lawsuit respecting a celebrated picture, now known as Lord Ward's Correggio, roused my attention to the subject of the administration of civil justice. * * A person of distinction in Rome, wishing to clear his gallery, selected, under professional advice, a number of inferior paintings for sale; these pictures were advertised, and the best amongst them disposed of; the remainder were ranged in an apartment in the palace for exhibition, by the steward, who was authorized to sell to any purchaser. A skilful buyer, a total stranger to the proprietor, visited the palace, examined the condemned pictures, and selected one at a very insignificant price, and turned it towards the wall; subsequently he paid for and removed what was believed to be a worthless bargain. 'It seems from his examination, the shrewd dealer suspected there was another and better picture concealed under the bad painting visible to the eye. His conjecture proved well founded. Removing carefully the exterior coat of varnish, there appeared a soft and beautiful picture underneath, which was vauntingly proclaimed to the world to be the 'Reading Magdalen,' by Correggio. That exquisite artist is said to have painted three pictures, nearly alike, of this subject. The universally admired 'Reading Magdalen' is in Dresden; a second original, I believe, still exists; the third had been long missing, and it was confidently asserted the precious work of Correggio was at length discovered. The seller now demanded a large sum of money from the buyer or the restoration of his picture. The buyer declared he had purchased fairly and would keep his Correggio. The civil tribunals were appealed to, and were exceedingly perplexed to discover on what principle to decide this, to them, difficult case. At first a judgment was given in favour of the purchaser, as one who had bought without fraud. On appeal, this was reversed, chiefly on the ground that the buyer had turned the picture towards the wall, which the Roman judges said showed fraud or cunning. There was a third hearing, when the court appearing more puzzled than ever, and the prospect of litigation being interminable, the parties compromised. Lord Ward purchased the Correggio for a large sum, which was, I believe, divided between the litigants. Inquiring from an advocate an explanation of this case, he said-legal proceedings in the civil tribunals of Rome led to great delay and diversity of opinion, independent of the several appeals permitted, owing to a bad habit practised by the judges of throwing out an opinion upon the case before them, not a judgment, whereupon the matter had to be re-argued. When the sum at stake was considerable, the final judgment, my friend observed, might be thus almost indefinitely postponed. I asked, 'Suppose the sum reached fifty thousand pounds, what would be the possible length of the suit?' The advocate replied, 'Such a lawsuit might go on for ever.' Wishing to see the practitioners of so wise a system, a day was

appointed for a visit. An advocate kindly undertook to conduct us through the Roman courts and the offices of the law. The courts of justice are on Monte Citorio, near the Post Office, in a spacious palace. Ascending by a flight of steps we reached a lofty hall, where shabby people walked to and fro. The judges had not yet sat—I saw some men in coarse gowns, who I supposed to have been beaules. About eleven o'clock there was a rush towards the door,—our guide hastened forward, and we were soon in an oblong room; opposite the entrance sat five judges in arm chairs elevated on a raised floor; the man in the centre I concluded was a priest; all resembled ecclesiastics in their dress: a large crucifix stood on a table covered with green cloth. About a foot from the table was a ledge of wood running along the entire room; behind this sat the advocates, whom I now saw were the men I had before mistaken for beaules. Their gowns were similar to those worn by our tipstiffs, the dress and appearance of the owners were unprepossessing in the extreme; at the upper end of the room lounged a crier, who called on each case. The pleadings were made up in little bundles of paper, which the advocates held, and as his case was called each counsel rose and spoke, and the cross Chief Justice pronounced the rule, seldom consulting his learned brethren. These causes were disposed of quickly enough, but the parties had their appeal. There was a total absence of dignity in the aspect of the court, judges, and practitioners; the room and its arrangements were immeasurably inferior to a London police office, yet this was a court of superior jurisdiction. Quitting the supreme court, we were conducted to the other civil tribunals. One of these resembled a noisy court of conscience; a single judge sat here without dignity, and his judgments were received by a crowd of vulgar people who pressed round him without respect. The jurisdiction of this inferior court reached the amount of 200 scudi (each scudi 4s. 6d.), a considerable sum in Rome. We then returned to the hall, the advocate explaining how his brethren generally were paid, by the job, when the cause was over, according to the sum involved in the issue. We were conducted next to the offices, where the pleadings and depositions (for suits are decided on written depositions, not oral examinations) were filed; these were clean and spacious. The advocate in Rome discharges many of the duties of attorney with us."

Here is a specimen of proceedings in a criminal case.—

"During this winter my attention was excited by an extraordinary event which occurred in the principal prison of Rome. Several prisoners under sentence having procured knives, rushed suddenly upon the gaoler and many others, stabbing, it was reported, fourteen individuals. Before the trial of these offenders I applied, through an advocate of my acquaintance, for permission to attend it, which was courteously granted; and in order to enable me to understand thoroughly the proceedings, my legal friend procured for me beforehand the process, that I might analyze the same. A criminal process in the Roman law is a curious document. It is not a dry technical indictment; but a narrative of facts, a statement of evidence, with a copious argument on its effect. The paper was headed, 'Risultanze del Processo, Tribunale del Governo di Roma.' It was printed on coarse paper, half the page left vacant for marginal observations, and it contained forty-one pages. The accused were V. Cardinale, carpenter; R. Formili, tailor; G. Francioni, shoemaker; L. Adami, weaver. The process thus began, 'In a cause of qualified theft, February 1847, L. Sorrentini, a prisoner, was granted a pardon on certain conditions, and with reservation of a year's detention. By his disclosures several of his associates in custody were inculpated, and amongst them the four persons named. The case of theft was heard 25th November, 1846, and the four prisoners were condemned chiefly on the evidence of Sorrentini, against whom they became enraged.' The situation of the rooms, halls, corridors, and windows of the prison are then accurately described. The process proceeds, 'On Sunday morning, 29th November, the turnkey coming to distribute the usual allowance of bread, negligently left a specified door open behind him. The four prisoners, armed with knives, rushed in, overpowered the turnkey, and stabbed every person they met, but espe-

cially Sorrentini. Having fully gratified their vengeance, they submitted to the guard, and were distributed in separate cells.' The above is the substance of the case, but it extends to a great length. Of eighteen persons in the hall, ten were wounded, one died; Sorrentini survived, having suffered severely. There is next given a partial confession made by three of the prisoners, which was to the effect, that Sorrentini had promised to retract his statement, yet perfidiously repeated his accusation; and that the knives were found accidentally, wrapped in a cloth, in a corner of the corridor, and used without premeditation in consequence of Sorrentini's jeers and insults. The process next falsifies the matter of these several confessions, 'in linea generica,' i. e. in a general way; then 'in linea specifica,' i. e. specifically. Under this latter title the whole case is gone into, in sections, and by proofs and probabilities, and concise reasonings on both, concert, malice, and deliberation are established. As to the procuring of the knives, one A. Rea, a prisoner, having been examined, proved that by the aid of a small looking-glass, peeping through the bars of his window for a purpose of his own, he saw a boy tying to a cord (let down from another window of the prison into a back street,) a bundle containing two loaves of bread, and heard the boy announce to the prisoners above that the loaves were heavy. Rea suspected these loaves contained the knives, and on inquiry it appeared the prisoners were accustomed in this way to introduce every forbidden object. The contradictions in the statements of the accused are next pointed out with great particularity. We have now arrived at page 34 of the process. The precise case against each prisoner is now separately stated, and the evidence in sections regularly numbered, pointed, and applied to each of the accused, and thus the criminal process closes.

"This document was clear, methodical, and full, and would afford an admirable model for a criminal brief in serious cases, even in England. The cause is now ready for public debate, and it is time, as we have reached the 6th of March, and the crime was committed in November in the principal prison of Rome. A copy of this process is furnished to the advocate for the accused, and ample time is allowed to prepare for the defence. The trial took place 13th March, at nine o'clock, in an apartment of the court-house, which was clean and profoundly quiet. On a raised platform sat four judges, three with black caps, the fourth in a dark purple gown. The procurator fiscal, dressed in a black silk gown, sat at the corner of the table, near enough to whisper to the judges; he was a gentlemanlike person. At a small table below the platform, on one side of the bench, sat, arrayed in coarse black gown, the advocates for the prisoners; near the oval table before the judges was a chair for witnesses, and close to it was a glazed picture of the cross lying flat on the table. There was one registrar, of unprepossessing aspect. These persons were all shut in by a rail, having a passage in the centre open for witnesses. Right opposite the judges was a bench, and on it, close to my seat, were placed the four prisoners. One leg of each was firmly bound by a rope to a hold-fast behind the bench, the other leg left free. Guards with fixed bayonets stood behind the accused, who were all young men. There were, besides the officials, about eight persons present at this serious trial; no relative or agent of the prisoners was there to take a suggestion from them, or assist or befriend them. The chief judge, a coarse, blustering man, commenced the business by reading briefly parts of the process. He then severely interrogated each prisoner, first as to birth, occupation, &c.; then on the merits, telling the accused what had been proved against them, and how very wicked they were, demanding what they had to say to that. Then began a shocking scene of abuse and noisy recrimination between the accused and the speaking judge, who was certainly 'no well-tuned cymbal.' The prisoners spoke with boldness and insolence. Whatever they alleged, the Chief Justice invariably answered, it was a lie. Each of the accused in turn indulged in an angry declamation, explanatory of his conduct, and made his case thus:—'I was unjustly condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment; the evidence of Sorrentini was false; the sentence cruel. When I saw Sorrentini in prison, he scoffed at me, and told me jeeringly I should be happy in the galleys. Incensed by his

gibes, on the morning the door was left open in the gaol, I ran in, and finding by accident some weapon, I struck at Sorrentini, not intending harm against any other person. As to what passed in the corridor, being inflamed by passion, I cannot say.' The Chief Justice violently replied to all this; asserted their original condemnation was quite just, and their behaviour wicked. After this scolding match, in which it appeared clearly enough the mind of the judge was made up on the business, the Chief Justice cooled down, called the first witness, examined him entirely himself. Rarely was a question suggested to the court by the submissive advocates for the accused. Each witness was sworn by the judge, and the form consisted in laying the hand on the cross described, after the judge declared the oath. Sometimes the judge scolded the witness for not giving such evidence as was expected; frequently he recounted to the witness what a previous witness had proved, or what was stated in the process, and asked him what he could say to that. Then the Chief Justice, if so disposed, would mock the witness, at which all present, including the prisoners, laughed heartily. Of the five or six witnesses who were produced, most of whom had been prisoners, all, with one exception, had either been in custody for wounding another, or had themselves been wounded. The Chief Justice always asked the witness who was his father, and whether he was dead or alive. When the turnkey appeared, the judge fell upon him with surprising fury, abused him for leaving the door open, for gross neglect of duty, and for having created the whole trouble of the trial by allowing the prisoners an opportunity of rushing at Sorrentini. The attack over, questions were put to the terrified turnkey, and if he hesitated an instant, the judge assailed him unmercifully. When the examination of the gaoler was finished, he was seated in court during the rest of the trial, and appealed to in all difficulties. When a witness was examined, the Chief Justice, addressing each prisoner, asked what he had to say to that. The prisoner, shaking his loose leg, generally answered, it was a lie. This inflamed the mild temper of the judge, who angrily asked the accused how he dared say that; how could he expect the judges would disbelieve so many witnesses and his own partial confession? There seems to be no law of evidence whatever, as we understand it, in the Italian procedure. The judge desires the witness to tell all he saw, heard, thought, or believed about the matter, and the witness does as he is bid, counsel never interrupting or remonstrating; every statement is received in evidence—a system fatal to innocence. No doctor was examined, nor was the important evidence of the introduction of the knives given; the statement in the process was relied on, I suppose, as sufficient for these matters. The Chief Justice having the process before him, called as many witnesses as he pleased. Sorrentini was produced, a wretched-looking man; he survived eighteen stabs, while another prisoner died from a single wound.

"When the Chief Justice stopped, the procurator fiscal began, and spoke, sitting in the position described. His style was very gentlemanlike and easy. His exordium consisted of an eulogium on the Roman law; he talked of *filosofia e divina sapienza*, in a very amusing strain; then he referred to the code, and cited a few articles, to prove the crime premeditated murder; but he did not review the evidence, preferring generalities, and submitting to the profound wisdom of the court. The burly Chief Justice whispered to the sleepy old man beside him, then mended his pen, and looked pleased on the procurator fiscal. This gentleman spoke an hour. Then commenced one of the advocates for the accused, who likewise spoke sitting; he ranted the most arrant bombast, with theatrical gestures and in the wildest manner, about philosophy, wisdom, the Roman heart, and the over-ruling Providence. Not an allusion did he make to law or fact, and concluded in a storm. Signor Raggi, the official defender of accused men who are too poor to employ advocates, then spoke composedly, and like a man of sense; he argued that the act was unpremeditated, dwelt on the excitement of the prisoners, owing to the insults of Sorrentini, and observed fairly that no evidence had been given to show the knives had been surreptitiously introduced to the prisoners, or to contradict their statement of having found them accidentally; and there-

fore contended the crime of premeditated murder had not been committed. We were now turned out of the chamber where the judges remained, and in half an hour their minds were made up—they sentenced the four young men to be guillotined, and, until executed, to be loaded with irons, and confined in separate cells. Not a little affected by what I had witnessed, I hastened away, comprehending more clearly why the Italians preferred taking their chance on the field of conflict with the government, rather than submit to their tribunals. The accused were no doubt guilty; but there was a coarse cruelty, a heartlessness, and insulting violence exhibited towards them, inexpressibly shocking to one accustomed to the temperate and impartial administration of justice."

It is probable that such administration of justice as is described above will in our time undergo serious and vital modifications: and the descriptions acquire a value from that probability. A collection of modern foreign criminal trials, noted by one possessing a lawyer's technical knowledge and a novelist's power of seizing details—something, for instance, after the manner of certain 'Sketches of Irish Trials' which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* under Mr. Campbell's editorship—would be as valuable and as riveting a book as could be laid before the public. Mr. Whiteside is not, indeed, the man to make it: yet we would give the bulk of the three volumes which we must now close for the few paragraphs that we have extracted,—so different are the impressions produced by notes upon a subject taken *con amore* and by lucubrations on topics "got up" for a holiday occasion.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Little Look at Modern Literature. By A. G. Herbert.—We are, according to the title-page, to accept this as a "comical, critical, commendatory comment upon celebrated comic writers," and also "a paragraph w/ others who are neither celebrated, comic, clever, capable, nor clear."—In both capacities "canvassing the community for their suffrages and sippences, and trusting that the suffrage will be universal." Some writers exhaust their wit in a title-page; and, if this be true of the present, our readers will see that he had not more of it than he might have safely kept to himself. The thing is a mere pamphlet, of some twenty-eight pages, directed partly to the consideration (if such a word be not too grave) of that satiric class of fiction which has of late aimed at popularity. Above all, the success of Mr. Dickens is a heart-sore to Mr. Herbert—and unreasonably so. We cannot believe—as the latter seems to do—that Mr. Dickens has occupied any of the ground on which Mr. Herbert could have found fame. After all, Mr. Herbert is not so dangerous as he looks:—he has hurt nobody, though desperately disposed to do so. He threatens more sallies of the same kind as this. If he will take our advice, he will think better of it. They are not worth the money and irritation they must cost him.

The Eskdale Herd-Boy. By Lady Stoddart.—This is a Scottish tale; one of a numerous class, respectfully written, with a moral purpose, and intended not for criticism, but for juvenile perusal.

Observations on the Economy of the Public Health. By Dr. G. Lloyd.—Public Health Bill. *Speech of Viscount Morpeth in the House of Commons.*—These require no further form of characterization than their titles. Mr. Lloyd's pamphlet, containing the substance of lectures delivered at Warwick, is an able compendium and digest of data and reasonings:—of Lord Morpeth's speech, it is unnecessary now to speak.—The subject has been handled in most of its bearings by ourselves.

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ary is greatly improved from the amount of industrious research which the author has himself bestowed on the subject. The 'Photogenic Manipulation' is one of the most useful manuals with which we are acquainted.

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THE OLD WATCH.

Thou battered thing,
Nestling so snugly in this dusty nook,—
Some dried-up spring
Thou'nd'st me of, or withered leaf forsook
Found in the pages of a dreary book!

Thy days are over,—
The flight of Time thou'lt chronicle no more,—
That restless rover,
Lusty as though he ne'er saw days of yore
Or yet had gathered ages to his store.

Thou dusty dummy!
There's value in thee, though as dingy brown
As any mummy.
Dost read my thoughts—was that a passing frown?
Well! so—I thought, thou mightest be melted down.

Were language thine,
Thou worn antique! what would thy language be?
Of auld lang syne,—
Or, with thy sombre phiz to well agree,
Upon the passing hours a homely?

Or, would thy speech
With usual chant of aged homo's chime?
Wouldst thou too teach
How fallen the present from the by-gone time,
In the brave days when thou wert in thy prime?

Or, wouldst thou tell
Of the adventures thou hast seen perchance,
And wondrous dwell
On strange events that might each sense entrance,
More thrilling far than tales of old Romance?

The Afrit's rise
Out of the bottle on Euphrates' shore,
That to the skies,
Enwreathed by clouds, his form colossal bore,
Thou mightst surpass in strangeness from thy store.

But thou through life
An uneventful course, perchance, hast wended,
With dulness rife:
Thy history is begun, perhaps, and ended
With the account how seldom thou wert mended.

Ah, thou art dumb!
'Tis vain to stay, thee, battered relic, eyeing:—
Without, the hum
Of busy life, and chime to chime replying,
Though thou art mute, remind me Time is flying.

Back to thy nook,
With thy half-century's dust upon thee crusted!
With my last look,
I feel that he whose sires to thee once trusted
Should so far prize thee as to have thee—dusted.
Manchester. J. P. ANTHONY.

DR. PALEY'S 'NATURAL THEOLOGY.'

I observed without any surprise the communication from "Verax" in your paper [see ante, p. 803] charging Dr. Paley with plagiarism from Dr. Nieuwentyt. When reading Chamberlayne's translation of the latter's book a couple of years ago the meeting there with the watch illustration (which I knew had been generally reckoned the most Paleyan part of the 'Natural Theology') did strike me as something remarkable; and I felt disposed to think that the English divine had not acted quite fairly by the Dutch doctor in not quoting his author,—as there cannot be a doubt, after perusing the parallel passages, that Paley was indebted for this illustration to his predecessor. It is another question, however, whether there was any intention on the part of Paley feloniously to appropriate the illustration. It is

expressly stated in Paley's Life, with reference to his 'Natural Theology,' that, "in this as well as in his other publications, he has made large use of the labours of others; but he has illustrated what they left obscurely, enriched what was jejune, amplified what was scanty, invigorated what was weak, and condensed what was diffuse." Paley's practice, then, in the art of borrowing was not one of the curiosities of literature, left to be discovered in these later days of the world by "Verax;" it was a thing well known. And in the preface to his 'Moral and Political Philosophy,' the first published of his larger works, he excuses himself, on the grounds there explained, for having scarcely even mentioned the names of the authors whose thoughts and sometimes, possibly, whose very expressions, he had adopted. There seems no impropriety in extending this explanation to the 'Natural Theology,' also. In the course of reading the 'Religious Philosopher'—for so it is called in the copy which I have seen, and not as "Verax" styles it, the 'Christian Philosopher'—and noting the correspondences between it and the 'Natural Theology,' I came upon, not only the allusion to the author of the former work mentioned in "Verax's" communication, but also, in the same chapter of the 'Natural Theology,' viz. chap. ix, an observation stated in so many words, to be "taken out of the 'Religious Philosopher.'" This satisfied me that there could be no intention on Dr. Paley's part to conceal his acquaintance with the book in question or his obligations to Dr. Nieuwentyt and his translator. Your correspondent's communication raises no question regarding the comparative merits of the two writers; but any one who has read and compared both their works will acknowledge how very applicable the remarks above quoted from Paley's Life are to his mode of treating the topics which he has handled in common with Dr. Nieuwentyt. It is a libel, both upon Paley and upon truth, to say that his work is only a running commentary upon the learned Dutchman's inelegant and not very convincing declamations against the "miserable atheists." Neither of the authors, it is supposed, had any claim to originality as the discoverer (if the term may be allowed) of the argument which they both endeavoured, each after his own manner, to illustrate. J. S.

* * * It was not, of course, to be supposed,—nor desired,—that a charge like that brought by our correspondent "Verax" against a man of Dr. Paley's eminence and peculiar influence should fail to summon champions into the field; and accordingly the letter to which we willingly give place above is not the only answer which we have seen offered to the case made by our correspondent. So far, however, that case remains untouched,—the champions presenting themselves rather as apologists than as defenders. The facts are attempted to be justified, not disputed,—and a doctrine of appropriation is upheld in the case of Dr. Paley which, if it can be established, will make future literary fame an easy acquisition and individual thinking any man's property rather than the thinker's. He who can "illustrate what" the original imagination has "left obscure, amplify what was scanty," or "condense what was diffuse," has a right, it would seem, to the products of genius, without any obligation to "mention the names of the authors whose thoughts and sometimes, possibly, whose very expressions he has adopted." Our correspondent "Verax's" case is more, however, than what is expressed in the last sentence:—it is, that Dr. Paley has taken the original thought, followed the original form, and copied the original details of a work wholly mental and speculative, with only such incidental reference or references to its author (Verax found one—our present correspondent finds two) as raise a presumption in his mind directly the reverse of that which they appear to suggest to J. S. The particular reference declines by inference the general acknowledgment. It is not denied that Dr. Paley might have done all that he has done if he had distinctly stated that he was borrowing the argument of Dr. Nieuwentyt;—but a general admission by his biographer that he has made "large use of the labours of others" in his works generally is not sufficient to cover a specific instance of summary appropriation like that which Verax adduces—in a field whose growth is not facts, that are common to all, but reasonings, which are above

all things exclusive and individual. The subject is dealt with in a very different spirit by our contemporary the *Church and State Gazette*.—

"The rudest and most stunning blow," says that journal, "that has ever been dealt against the reputation of Paley and the challenge for respect due to it from mankind, has recently been made—and made out of a sense of duty—by our contemporary the *Athenæum*. To plunge in *medias res*, we may at once bluntly state that Paley's 'Natural Theology' was not written by Paley. The *Athenæum* asserts thus much, and supports its assertion by a weight of proof that appears to us to be utterly incontrovertible. Our readers may believe us when we repeat this, although we do not lay before them the whole of this astounding case as it appears in the columns of our contemporary. For this we have not 'ample room and verge enough,' and we must be content with stating results rather than repeating details of which they are the sum. In brief, then, before Dr. Paley gave to the world, as his own, the 'Natural Theology,' a work on the same subject, and nearly in the same words, had appeared in Holland, with the name on its title-page of one of Holland's most erudite philosophers, Dr. Bernard Nieuwentyt. From this work—published, we say, long before that of Paley—lengthened extracts are given in the *Athenæum*: these are contrasted with similar passages from Paley, and these are so similar as to be, in fact, nearly *verbatim* reproductions of the original. If the extracts from the Hollander be genuine—which we cannot, unfortunately, doubt—then Paley shines univelled in the enormity and splendour of his plagiarisms. In the annals of literary coinship we never heard of anything equalling piracy like this; and unless the friends and relatives of Paley can submit satisfactory evidence before the tribunal of the public that he has had foul wrong done unto him, his reputation as an honest writer sinks for ever beneath the sea of contemptuous oblivion. Who does not remember walking with Paley on the heath and picking up that memorable and wonderful watch, and sitting down to listen to the admirable philosophy imparted thereon, and to heed the charming instruction given upon its anatomy—if we may so call it—and to mark with heart-burning enthusiasm the use made by our 'guide, philosopher, and friend'; and how he led us from the watch in his hand to the origin of all things reposing in the hand of God? Alas!—we regret to state it—but, for the sake of honesty, it should be mentioned that that watch was stolen! It was originally the property of Bernard Nieuwentyt, and Paley fished it from him and exhibited it in England as his own! The *Athenæum* cites the respective passages by the two authors, and that well-known and beautiful illustration of the watch appears in Paley very nearly word for word as it was published years before in the volume written by Nieuwentyt."

"As far," adds our correspondent, "as the authorship of the 'Natural Theology' is concerned, we are compelled to state that Paley must rank among the great plagiarists. He is no more the actual author of that work than of any other which he did not write. In some such fashion Lord Paget composes his novels; and in the same way Keith's 'Evidences' are discovered to be somebody else's testimony. So Dumas puts together the romances which are not his: so Homer enjoys what is due to the Rhapsodists; and so Lindley constructs the ballads born in the brain of Sindbad!"—We are not disposed in the present stage of the argument to adopt expressions so strong as those of our contemporary:—but until those who undertake the defence of Dr. Paley shall show some larger and more distinct reference on his part to the close relationship between the two works thus brought into question, we think that our correspondent Verax is not called on to withdraw any part of his charge.

COINCIDENCES OF NAMES AND THINGS.

THE coincidences of words will be admitted to be purely accidental. No plot or plan can have gone to the making of them. A living person, known to our readers—but whom, of course, I must not here name,—gets a severe rebuke by transposing the letters of his name. Nobody will contend that the possibility of such a transformation had anything to do with the temperament that lays him open to the sarcasm which lurks in his signature. Even Mr. Shandy, though he dwelt much upon the effect of baptismal names, is not recorded to have made his valuation by their transpositions.

Etymological coincidences are remarkable from their number and striking character. The laws of etymological derivation are gradually assuming a form of certainty,—that is, the usual laws; but the departures will constitute a study of themselves. For example, when the word *omnibus* shall have finally subsided into *buss*, and the books of the first half of the nineteenth century be not much read, this word *buss* will be taken to be the same as is still found in the compound herring-buss (the word of which *bushel* is a diminutive). If any unlucky planet should ever lead a man to the truth, how his contemporaries will laugh at him for a far-fetching visionary! "Buss,

the last syllable of omnibus! Why, the man might as well say that *tie* is the last syllable of *ligati*!"

There is a specimen of what I said in my last—namely, that posterity will not believe some coincidences—in the word *cabal*. We are all taught that it was a word invented from the gang of ministers, Clifford, Ashley, &c., in the time of Charles II. But *cabale*, used in the same sense, was French before the time of Charles II.; and in all probability the accident of the cabinet initials was the means of introducing the word into English. Was not the derivation of this word from the *Cabala*, the secret science of the Jews? The word was used for anything done in private and with mystery;—and *cabale* is its French form. Would it be impossible to show the use of the word in English previous to the time of Charles II.?

Perhaps when railways shall have become so common that the word *road* shall be altogether superseded by *rail*, some writers of dictionaries will find it difficult to believe that *rail*, the road, and *rail*, an iron bar, are the same words. They will say that before the introduction of steam, travellers and coaches had *relays*—as they were called of horses—and that railway is only a corruption of *relay-way*. Some far-fetching men, who never take the obvious derivation, will stand out that passengers used to *rail* at each other in sport, to beguile the time,—whence the name! They will argue by analogy from the still older practice of doing the same thing on the river Thames, whence coarse jests got the name of water-wit. Others, of the Halliwell class, will contend for *real-way*,—and will say that when roads were invented which made their own levels, and went direct through mountains and over valleys, they got the name of real as opposed to the roads which were obliged to avoid natural obstacles, and which therefore frequently left the real, or not direct, way!

By what analogy is it that salutes, whether of kindness or of anger take name from the same thing?—*Buss* and *box* are really the same words:—is it a coincidence only?

Among the coincidences of words and things are prophecies of every species, when fulfilled. One remarkable class is that of predictions made in jest. A very fair collection of coincidences might be made out of the fulfilment of such jokes. The following pair are very little known. The first appeared in the London Chronicle in 1771,—and the writer states that he had it from Whiston, who had it from Flamsteed himself. The handwriting of Baron Zach is the authority for the second.

Flamsteed, when Astronomer Royal, was consulted by a poor woman at Greenwich for the recovery of a large parcel of linen which she supposed to have been stolen. The sage, to amuse himself, drew a figure with circles and squares in it, and then gravely informed the woman that if she would look in a certain dry ditch which he described the parcel would be found. And there it was found, to the dismay of the Astronomer! who feared, no doubt, that all who did not take him for a conjuror might believe him to have been the thief:—and "serve him right!" as it is expressively said.

The second story is as follows.—M. Pons, who had been as fortunate as assiduous in discovering comets, had a long interval in which he could find none. He wrote to Baron Zach in despair; and, feeling that his character as a comet-finder was at stake, he protested again and again that he had swept the heavens most diligently. The Baron, who was something of a wag, wrote to him gravely that he need not wonder that no comets were seen, since the spots on the sun had disappeared for a long time,—and that the former would be sure to come back when the latter did. Pons did not see the joke,—and set himself to observe the face of the sun. In a little while he wrote again to Baron Zach in great astonishment, announcing (as really had happened) that spots had reappeared on the sun,—and that he had found a large comet, with a fine nucleus and tail, both! If ever any connexion should be established between the solar spots and comets, this would be the best joke on record.

MOXETES.

REFORMS AT CAMBRIDGE.

It is with pleasure that I observe the remarks of the *Athenæum* on "The Proposed Reforms at Cambridge." The expression of public opinion is likely to be of great use; for the leading body of the Uni-

versity are too much disposed to neglect the world's opinion, forgetful that to fit men for the world is the professed end of their system.

A University is supposed, by the true theory of the thing, to afford Opportunity for Study—Inducement to Study—and Control and Compulsion in Study. Hitherto, however, there has been a strong inclination in the old English Universities to rest content with offering opportunities; and many even of these have in process of time become little more than a dead letter. If Inducement be held out in addition to Opportunity, much is thought to be done. Of Compulsion and Control examinations are almost the only means; and these, as at present regulated, are of little force, and on the non-reading class far too tardy in their action. The University system, as practically carried out, has been to hold out to the students opportunities of exercising themselves in certain branches of science, and to induce their application by the prospect of honours and pecuniary reward.

It is my wish to draw your attention to the fact, that there is a large class on whom this plan is almost wholly ineffectual; either because the persons in question take, and are capable of taking, no interest in any such studies as a University can offer,—or because the particular studies which would interest them are not offered. Persons of the first description are, it is hoped, few in number; and whatever measures are likely to clear the University of them, it is clearly for its true interests to adopt. Students of the second description are very numerous, consisting mostly of such as are not dependent on their own exertions in life, and of those whom their example seduces. On this class it is notorious that the present University system acts with very little effect. Pecuniary considerations are little or no inducement,—the desire of honours is outweighed by the love of pleasure or idleness.

In accordance with the nature of a University as actually constituted, and with the spirit of the age, almost all control and compulsion must be by the exercise of moral force. This implies a certain amount of self-discipline in those who are its subjects; and such as do not possess it had better (both for themselves and others) be sent back to some more stringent regimen. Of those who do possess some self-control, a large number on their first entrance into University life fall before its temptations, unassisted as they are by any alluring motives to academical exertion. They are exposed to a class of panders to indulgence, frivolity, and vice; and have a ready set of new associates eager to teach them how to kill time, virtue, or themselves. The University looks on, and holds out only the gentle terrors of a slight examination a year and a half hence, with the further prospect of another a little more exacting at the end of three years and a half. By the time the year and a half has elapsed one third of the University has become habitually idle, and it is too late for amendment. The examination has now no terrors. If "plucked," they feel no shame, and have a further opportunity of leading a life of pleasure at the expense of paternal credulity.*

But it will be said, the whole of these students are not found to be utterly corrupted; a large number become in afterlife worthy members of society. This is precisely the point to which I wish to draw attention. What other conclusion can we gather from such a fact than this:—that, as compared with the state of things at an establishment formally founded for the encouragement of knowledge and virtue, the wide world itself is in the case of many a reformatory school? Is it not then important that, instead of allowing young men at the best period of life to sink into a state from which the world is to rouse them,—or for which it is to punish them,—the University should take such measures as will afford discouragement to idleness, and weed from its ranks those who disgrace and injure it. The one is to be effected by special and systematic encouragement to this class in particular,—the other by insisting that they shall in some degree avail themselves of the encouragement so held out.

The fault does not lie wholly in the barrenness of the soil. Many both of the class in question, and of

* It is, I believe, shown in a paper read before the British Association that about one-third of those who matriculate do not pass to a degree.

those who do read, leave the University with great powers uncalled forth. The late Sir W. Follett was, I believe, an eminent example. Some of these the accidents of afterlife call into activity; but many sink back into obscurity, and their latent gifts are lost to the world.

It is not possible to find some useful object for the energies now unstimulated at our Universities—or worse? It seems clear, either that the inducements to exertion are not sufficient and of the right sort, or that the necessity of using that exertion is not sufficiently enforced. The class alluded to is composed principally of individuals connected with the property of the country. Of classical learning they think—often with truth—that they have enough; mathematics and science they have been accustomed to consider as unconnected with the business of life. Yet there are pursuits in which a large number of these individuals become eventually interested, if not instructed. The management of property—the managerial and other duties required by the State from the possessors of property—the laws affecting property—the condition of the working population—and often the public business of the country—ultimately become their necessary and grateful occupation. Agricultural societies have recently shown to how great an extent the neglect and ignorance of landlords prevent the improvement of their property and the increase of the country's production. Instead of leading, as their position would entitle them, the intelligence and energies of their tenantry, landlords not unfrequently stand as obstacles in the way of improving farmers.

It is true that better times announce themselves: some of the principal proprietors of the country have of late years exerted themselves in bringing the resources of science and experiment to bear upon the improvement of land and of the agricultural population. Late events throughout Europe have made it more than ever apparent how important a question social and political this is. He is no mean patriot who enforces the doctrine that the Duties of Property go hand in hand with its Rights, and endeavours by every moral force within his reach to lessen the amount of that leaven which retards the progress and prosperity of his native land.

To the teacher of religion and the man of letters the dead languages and literature are considered useful; to the lawyer, the naturalist, and the cultivator of theoretical and practical science, mathematical and special instruction and training are supplied by the University—and, if not with the best, at least with an acknowledged result: is it for the inheritor of property alone that no special instruction is thought needful? Is he alone to be sent into the world unprepared for his duties, unwarmed, it may be, that duties await him? At the present moment, some of those in whose hands is the public business of the empire are glad to steal an hour that they may both learn and practice the duties which the possession of their property entails. Is it unreasonable to ask that they should require for their sons, and that those sons should receive, that instruction in their days of idleness which in years to come they will otherwise task the hours of their weary leisure in order to attain?

A little consideration will show that such instruction occupies no narrow field. Passing over the moral and legal aspects of the subject, we may remark that the intelligent agriculturist is becoming convinced that almost all the sciences may be made available for the due improvement of the soil. The fact that the surface of this country may be made to yield nearly double its present produce by the combined and educated exertions of proprietors and tenants, sufficiently shows the importance of the subject both to individuals and to the nation. I am not so Utopian as to suppose that all men can be drilled into industry. A University is called upon to allure and to guide; and those who have been summoned in vain to use the means afforded, it is, I think, called upon to prevent from abusing and teaching others to abuse them.

The machinery is not altogether wanting:—1st. Matriculating and terminal college examinations—duly rigid and untrifled with—would necessitate some amount of industry in all. 2nd. The Professors of Civil and English Law, with those of Chemistry, Geology, Moral and Political Philosophy, might supply the necessary instruction. 3rd. Special examinations,

prizes, and classification for those who do not belong to the divinity, mathematical, and classical classes, might be established; and on all those whose parents and guardians intended them for no special course of study these examinations might be enforced.

The first suggestion is merely a revival. Colleges profess still to expel the idle; and a student twice "posted" in his college as unworthy of classification becomes, I believe, thereby condemned. The means exist,—let them be faithfully used; and let the good feeling and intelligence of the country give courage to those who fear to offend the representatives of wealth and rank, and thereby aid in their debasement—often in their ruin.

A TRINITY-MAN AND A LANDLORD.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE have been looking in vain for some official announcement of this year's distribution of the 1,200*l.* placed every year at the disposal of Government for the purpose of distributing pensions to persons eminent in literature and science. The sum, from what we hear, is not yet exhausted; and we are, therefore, induced to say an additional word on the many claims which the widow and eight helpless children of the late Sir Harris Nicolas possess to be the recipients of a portion of what is left. A pension of 300*l.* a-year was granted to the late Col. Gurwood for the pains he had taken in editing the Wellington Despatches—and a smaller pension for the same reason has since been continued to his widow. The editor of the Nelson Despatches died unpensioned, and nothing as yet has been done for his widow. But the claims of Sir Harris Nicolas are not confined to his diligent labours on the Nelson Despatches. His numerous works on English biography and history render his claims in every respect superior to Col. Gurwood's. His unfinished work on the History of the British Navy is a monument of his industry and, as we have said, of the new matter which he could bring to light on whatever subject he undertook to illustrate. The grant of a pension fifteen or twenty years ago, with this conditional obligation that he should have made a Supplement to the *Fœdera of Rymer*, would have been something of service done for English history and for an able antiquary toiling in obscurity for the precarious gains of the least rewarded line of literature. The unaided publication of Rymer was a greater accession to our historical resources than all the many times more expensive publications of the Record Commission. One able and responsible man is always better than a committee composed of many.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, known to the readers of our contemporary poetry by her drama entitled 'Vivia Perpetua.' In a day when so many voices challenge the world's ear, it is not surprising that an utterance as delicate as hers should have found but limited responses. But many who were grateful for the music then, will mourn over its silence now.

The daily papers announce the death at Paris, of Mr. John Cohen, librarian to the Bibliothèque St. Geneviève, and author of 'Réflexions Historiques et Philosophiques sur les Révolutions,' &c., and of other works.—The Indian journals announce the death at Jaffna of Mr. J. Mackenzie Ross, for many years editor and proprietor of the *Ceylon Herald*.

Our readers will be glad to know that there are tidings in town of the "whereabouts" of the Arctic Expedition. A fishing cutter arrived at Stromness brings the news that an American whaler visiting Lieveley, in Disco Island, had learnt that on the 2nd of July Her Majesty's ships Investigator and Enterprise, under Sir John Ross, had reached that harbour, and landed despatches to the care of the Danish governor, to be forwarded by the first vessel to Europe. The expedition immediately proceeded in search of Sir John Franklin. The crews were all well.

Our readers are by this time familiar with our complaint of the manner in which not only paragraphs but articles of intelligence, collected by us with both trouble and cost, are purloined from our columns (the want of acknowledgment alone giving the felonious character) and passed from hand to hand, as in the case of other stolen goods, till we finally stumble upon them again too much the worse

for wear to be worth reclaiming. As a further illustration of this system of "conveyance"—of which as will be supposed we are not the only victims—we cannot refrain from quoting for the amusement of our readers the following 'Adventures of a Paragraph,' which we find in a daily contemporary.—

On the 16th of August there appeared in the *Daily News* an original article on the subject of the New Forest. This article was what is called "written up" for a London weekly journal of the following Sunday. As it was of some interest to Lord Duncan's constituency, it was quoted in an abridged shape into a Bath paper of the Saturday following (August 26). The gentleman at the *Globe*, apparently believing Bath to be somewhere in the centre of the New Forest, cuts out the paragraph, and prints it as authentic intelligence from the royal domain on the evening of Tuesday, August 29! On Wednesday, August 30, the same paragraph was extracted into the *Times*, *Morning Post*, and other "high-priced," from whence it appears to be "going the round." We warn our contemporaries against it. The "news" is three weeks old—and is stolen into the bargain.

With regard to our own losses by this irregular traffic we may mention that our attention has been called by a correspondent to one wholesale receptacle for literary appropriations (to select a gentle name for the sort of thing) in the following terms:—

Are you aware that the Dublin *World* is in the weekly, or almost weekly, habit of giving in its review columns as an original notice a something composed of the extracts contained in one of the leading reviews of the *Athenæum* of the preceding week or so, and of as much of the information, &c. of the *Athenæum's* commentary as suits its own purpose? The proof rests, of course, on circumstantial evidence; which is so unmistakable as to leave no shadow of doubt with any one who will take the trouble to compare files of the two papers for the last year or two.

We mean to keep our eye upon the quarter denounced—and see if such really be "the way of the *World*!"

It is not long ago [see *ante*, p. 679] that a German correspondent inquired through our columns, "Has Adalbert Stifter found no translator yet" into English? At that time we were ourselves prepared to introduce this promising young writer to the acquaintance of our readers;—which we have since done by a review of his *Studien* [*ante*, p. 851]. We now understand that Mrs. Howitt has been for some time engaged on a translation of his works; and the specimens which we have given of their quality will, we think, prepare our readers to look on it as a valuable addition to the English library of German literature.

To complete our report of matters connected with the Meeting of the British Association at Swansea, we should state that, as a sequel to the proceedings of the week, the tradesmen and gentry of the town gave a dinner to Mr. Grove in recognition of his advocacy which had brought the Association into their streets.

Some interesting autograph MSS. of Lord Byron occurred a week or two since in a sale at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's in Piccadilly.—'The Curse of Minerva,' 13 pages 4to., corrected throughout and imperfect, sold for 10*l.* The well-known song of 'Maid of Athens, ere we part,' sold for 4*l.* 4s. The poem of 'Waterloo,' from the French, four pages 4to., brought 4*l.* 15s. 'Lines written on a Cup formed of a Skull, two pages, 4to., sold for 7*l.* 'Lines on the Elgin Marbles,' two pages, folio, brought 3*l.* The opening lines of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' "Still shall I hear hoarse Fitzgerald bawl," written in pencil and corrected afterwards in ink, &c., sold for 5*l.* 'The Curse of Minerva' and the 'Maid of Athens' were bought for Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street,—whose collection of Byron MSS. is not to be matched.

The comet about which we have all been talking so much has, it seems, come at last. The wheels of his chariot of fire have been seen by Dr. Petersen of Altona, on the verge of our system—driving appropriately to the sign of "The Charioteer"; and Mr. Taylor of Liverpool has had an interview with the illustrious stranger. The nature of his credentials on the present occasion has not yet transpired; but Mr. Taylor reports that he may be seen any evening after dark, at a respectful distance, and weather permitting, in the north-east below the north pole, not far from the stars Castor and Pollux, standing towards the star Procyon. The astrologers will, no doubt, have some explanation to give us of all this by-and-bye—and will render a full and true report of his despatches. The fiery cyphers are for the reading of the adepts alone. Meantime, as it is 292 years since he last visited our system, he will see great changes on the earth. He does not, however, intend, it ap-

pears, to take up a near point of view for his observations. "The earth and the comet," says Mr. Taylor, "are now gradually approaching each other, but will not come so near each other as in the year 1264; for the perihelion has this time prescribed the autumnal equinox by a week less than in the year 1264, when its display was so terrific—great, bright, and spreading a long, broad tail," as described in the annals of Colmar. Their nearest approach this time will not be less than 30,000,000 of miles. In the year 1556 the distance of the comet from the earth was less than 7,000,000 of miles, the comet being then in its ascending node, whereas it is now about to pass through its descending node, as it did in the year 1264."

The Indian papers notice the discovery in the Deccan of a bed of lithographic limestone fifteen or twenty miles broad and of great length, which is considered likely to furnish a valuable means of facilitating the instruction of the natives—"With but one variety of character," it is remarked in the *Bombay Times*, "and that peculiarly suited for printing purposes, provided plentifully everywhere with admirable penmen ready to give their services for the most moderate remuneration, and artificers perfectly competent to manufacture or make use of the printing press, the natives might, by means of this stone, speedily provide for themselves books in their own tongue at a price which, considering the smallness of their impressions, would make our cheap English editions appear extravagant."

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres in Paris has held its annual meeting, succeeding that of the French Academy. M. Lenormant read a paper on the Antiquities of France.—M. Walekenaer, the perpetual secretary, a historical notice of M. Colbroek, one of the foreign associates,—and M. Ampère a paper on Egyptian antiquities.

The Prince de Joinville, who is said to enjoy in his own country the largest remaining portion of such popularity as Frenchmen can yet be persuaded to bestow on a family of Bourbon princes, has not, our readers know, been very popular amongst ourselves. This want of favourable acceptance he owes partly to a braggart habit with which the educated Englishman of the present day fails to sympathize,—and partly to certain intentions which he promulgated in relation to ourselves not well calculated to win our affections or attract our homage. But the fire of revolutions has tried a nature which is full of generous qualities,—and the Prince has taken now a more direct road to the English heart. He who amused himself theoretically by speculations on the modes of destroying British life, stands practically at the bar of British opinion as the humane, active and gallant saviour, in conjunction with brave spirits like his own, of the lives of multitudes of our fellow-countrymen. Such men, all the world over, are enemies only by the accidents of false and conventional positions which it is for the wisdom of these advanced ages of time to re-adjust; and the thrill with which everywhere the record of the generous and manly bearing of this unfortunate Prince has been read, proves how much more warmly the heart responds to high deeds than it does to hostile appeals. It is the very misfortunes of his family (waiving all question of their desert) that give a peculiarly affecting character to the gratitude which we feel towards this young Prince; and which, where he had so many coadjutors as gallant as himself in the work of mercy, make us desire to say this of him especially—as merely just at a time when princes, and above all Bourbon princes, are at a discount.—The dreadful incident of the burning of the Ocean Monarch, an emigrant ship, are known by this time in every home in these kingdoms: and a sketch of that unimaginable scene,—said to be an exceedingly graphic one—has been made by the young French admiral who played in it a part which becomes him better than would the crown his race have lost,—and sent to Admiral Grenfell with a letter in which the Prince, modest in a true cause, speaks only of the part played by others.

I seek by every means to be useful to the unfortunate people you [you] have rescued. I have made from memory a little drawing representing the fearful accident of which we were witnesses. Presuming that it gives a tolerable idea of that horrible scene, I thought it might be agreeable to Madame Grenfell to make a lottery of it for the benefit of the sufferers.

The circumstances have of course given great interest to this specimen of princely Art; and upwards of four hundred subscribers at 5s. at once contended in the raffle for its possession, as in many ways a very touching record. It has been won by Mrs. Hulton of Hulton Park.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

NEW EXHIBITION at the DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK, representing MOUNT ETNA, in SICILY, under three aspects—Evening, Sunrise, and during an Eruption; and the INTERIOR of ST. MARK'S at VENICE, with two effects—Day and Night. During the latter, the Grand Machine Organ will perform. Open from Ten till Five.—Admission, 2s.; Children under Twelve Years, Half-price.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The Cause of the FATAL EXPLOSION in ALBANY-STREET explained, and illustrated by Experiments, in a LECTURE by Dr. RYAN on GAS MAKING, in which the New Patent Gas Apparatus of Stephen White, Esq. will be exhibited daily at Half past Three o'clock, and in the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. A LECTURE on the HISTORY, USES, and MANUFACTURE of GUTTA PERCHA, by Dr. BACHOFFNER, daily, at Two o'clock, and in the Evenings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The various Optical Effects, Diver and Diving Bell, Working Models of Vessels with Captain Carpenter's Propeller and Mr. Taylor's Flat-Blade Propeller.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.—The New Catalogue, 1s.

FINE ARTS.

INSTITUTION FOR THE FREE EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.

We are under a pledge to render some account of this Exhibition when we and our readers should have recovered from the exhaustion consequent upon the tour of the other galleries of older date,—and when this should have become what by its title it assumes to be, a gratuitous Exhibition. The reason assigned in the catalogue for taking money is at the same time a reason for change of name; and we would certainly not have given any formal notice of the gallery under the false pretence. The Exhibition has now been for some time free;—and we can therefore make some comments on it as a Free Art Exhibition.

The gallery contains 517 productions,—of which 438 are oil pictures; 66 are drawings in water colours or in crayons. There is one large cartoon designed for execution in fresco,—and there are twelve pieces of sculpture. When it is borne in mind that the majority of the works are produced by artists with whose names we are yet unacquainted and who are just breaking ground, the prevalence of mediocrity is sufficiently and not discreditably accounted for. We may mention, too, a regulation which provides that "every artist who has been admitted as an exhibitor pays a certain sum per foot as rent for the space occupied by his works; and upon such space he is free to arrange as he pleases all those works, which have been admitted for exhibition by the Committee of Management."—Now, when the vast space to be covered is recollected, and the heavy rent and expenses which have already acted as a temptation to the Institution to be untrue to its name—it is quite intelligible why a Committee of Management cannot be expected to be overcritical as to the admission of works that are to pay a certain sum per foot as rent for the space occupied,—particularly if they should happen to be large ones.

With such arguments to forbearance, we will content ourselves with pointing out the works really worthy of attention, or embodying excellence moral or technical,—designating occasionally where great pretension has endeavoured to prop itself on incapacity. An instance of the latter kind we must notice in Mr. T. H. Campbell's *Judgment of Paris* (7). It is at the least no evidence of any judgment of his own. The author of such a work could hope to have it exhibited only where he paid so much a foot.—*The Bath* (299), by the same, is as a study much better.

Diogenes (2) by Mr. G. G. Bullock, in search of an honest man, is not likely to find him in the person of an individual who can profess to admire such a picture. Mr. H. K. Browne's study of *Little Paul* (1) bespeaks our forbearance (and needs it), as the work of one who has done so much better on his own ground, with the etching needle, in the illustrations to Mr. Dickens's works, and is honourably known to the world as "Phiz." Our advice to him would be either to avoid the exhibition of productions like this,—or to proceed in a systematic manner by study from old pictures and from nature ere he ventures again in this form before the public.

A name nearly new to us is that of Mr. C. Dukes;

but we remember to have spoken of a picture of his, 'Country Courtship,' at the Royal Academy. He is here in another picture of much merit—the subject furnished by an old ballad of Allan Ramsay's. There is a great deal of beauty in Mr. Dukes's version of the well-known *Scene from the Gentle Shepherd* (82). The poses are excellent, the expression is good, and the tone is subdued and in character with the scene. *Abstraction* (86) and *The Cottage Door* (87), taken in conjunction with this larger work, give promise of improving excellence.

Mr. M'lan is a contributor of five works. One is *Highland Girls grinding Corn* (14)—a custom which, the painter tells us, "still prevalent in the Highlands, represents another proof of the eastern origin of the Celtic nations. The practice is common at this day in Egypt, Syria, and the East Indies." This is an attractive composition made out of slight materials. *Highland Cearnich defending a Pass* (90) we have seen before. A *Highland Funeral* (116) has furnished Mr. M'lan with one of those native subjects in which he excels because he feels them strongly. He identifies himself with the national customs, which he designs often with disregard to exactitude of form, and always with disregard to the approved fashions and conventions of the studio. The freshness and novelty of his ideas are the results of a mind strongly impressed with his themes. That passion and feeling are often carried by him to the confines of melo-drama may be excused by the stirring scenes and wild enthusiasm of character which he selects to portray. In artistic knowledge and habits of practice he seems deficient. What his works have in novelty of arrangement they lose in execution, in technicalities which would enable him to tell his story in a more agreeable or a more graceful manner. An example of this is a *Highland Funeral*. The catalogue informs us that "it frequently happens, that before the deceased can be laid amongst the remains of his or her ancestors in the clan burying-ground, the bearers have to cross mountains, peat mosses, and glens, row across miles of lochs, and wade through deep rivers. At every place where the party rests, a cairn is built of the loose stones; then on they proceed, the piper walking at the head of the body, playing the well-known air 'Cha tille mi tuille' ('I will return no more')." The present picture was painted from nature, in the Braes of Lochabar—the party fording the river Spean. The painter has elicited out of a solemn and mournful subject a novel and striking composition, full of fitting incident and detail; but the picture is wanting in those qualities of texture and treatment which would have heightened the mournfulness and solemnity. It has too much colour; and the background is too verdant and too much made out for the distance presumed. To our taste, a more lurid sky streaked by gleams of departing day,—or the flicker of torchlight reducing the strong colour of the tartans and accessories,—would have been more in unison with the ceremony, and have given a more poetical rendering of it. The *Highland Whisky Still* (117), painted from nature on the side of Ben Nevis, less stirring and important in subject, has a larger amount of executive skill, than is usual with Mr. M'lan. The landscape portions testify to the artist's studies from Nature. *The Birthplace of a Highland Soldier* (123) is a highly effective and truthful interior.

The two pictures by Mrs. M'lan will add to the credit which she has already gained. *The Lesson in Archery* (20) is good; but much more important is a scene from Mr. C. Dickens's 'Old Curiosity Shop,' *Little Nelly taking the little sick Scholar by the hand*. There is much sentiment in this picture.

Mr. J. G. Middleton has not done himself justice in his scene from Scott's novel of 'Woodstock'—*The Family of Sir Henry Lee waiting the Return of Charles the Second at the Restoration* (89). Nor does the portrait of *Viscount Nevill* (88) fairly represent his capabilities as a portrait painter.

By Mrs. Robertson we regret to see such poor productions as *Moses* (149) and the *Virgin Mary* (326). With the strong recollection which the former provokes of a Virgin and Child in a composition by Raphael, the artist has been singularly unfortunate in not carrying the comparison further. Both these pictures—or sketches, as it would be more just to call them, seeing that both are slight—

are in very inferior taste, and make us regret that their author should have departed from the ground of miniature in which she so much excels.

The *Interior of the House of Lords* (171), by Mr. A. Blaikie, occupies so prominent a position as to challenge inspection—and its consequences. We must regret that the painter of some able things should have made such a mistake, and exhibited his incapacity on ground that has been so ably trodden by Sir George Hayter and others.

The Messrs. Barraud are here in great force:—the brothers conjointly exhibiting no less than twelve pictures. Mr. W. Barraud has four by his own hand, and Mr. H. Barraud two. Among the best of the joint productions may be named *The Straw Yard* (278), in which the white and chestnut horses are as well painted as the pony in *The Highland Party* (279). We should take exception to indifferent management in the *Portrait of Frederick Villebois, Esq., with his Hounds* (280). The four figures in red coats—almost equidistant from each other, and in equal strengths of unmitigated red—are distressing to the eye. The most ambitious of the joint labours of these brothers is *A Royalist Family taken Prisoners by the Puritans* (281), thus described, from a manuscript tale of the Great Rebellion:—"On recovering his senses, Talbot beheld Clara kneeling before him, anxiously awaiting the return of consciousness. He tried to sip the water which she held to his lips in the helmet of one of the troopers, who, less steeled to humanity than the rest, supported the wounded man, on whose ear the denunciations of the preacher fell unheeded; whilst the venerable Sir Percy raised his hands in prayer as far as the cords which bound him to the boy would allow." This reads better in the letter-press than in the picture.

As a composition it is picturesquely grouped—but the details are not carried out. *Companions in Arms* (282)—half-figures, representing an armed cavalier giving corn to his horse—is powerfully painted. *Caring Deer in Windsor Forest* (283) is hard and commonplace. *The Court Yard* (286)—where cavaliers and their horses are waiting outside the entrance to a mansion—is a good specimen of picture-making from such materials as domestic Gothic architecture with the above-named accessories can supply. *The Lord Bishop of Jamaica* (170), by Mr. H. Barraud, is no very pleasing specimen of portraiture. *The Theory of Gravitation suggested by the Fall of an Apple* (210) is from the same hand, and a better example of its art. Of the same class by Mr. Buss, but of infinitely less success, are *Hogarth at School* (234)—*The Marquis of Worcester, while a Prisoner in the Tower, inventing the Steam Engine*, 1633, (251)—and *Watt's First Experiment on Steam* (291). These are all of a class of subject that dignifies the painter's pursuit by contributing to promulgate the history of science in the most popular and pleasing form. To the task, however, the very best talents are necessary. The painter must have a mind to feel forcibly the importance of his moral—must invest the subjects with all that is necessary for their full development—and must possess a hand skilful to record with clearness and with force. Neither in these nor in *Mob Tyranny* (232)—representing an incident which happened to the renowned James Hargreaves when, having invented the spinning-jenny, which enabled him and his family to undertake a much greater quantity of work than before, the jealous mob assembled, broke into his house, smashed his machine, and drove him from his home—has Mr. Buss shown himself equal to what he has proposed. Independently of inaccuracies in form and of inferior art, he has in the minute searching after detail missed the moral dignity of his subjects. They require the treatment of the philosopher or historian, who takes just the amount of particulars necessary for the development of his story—emphasizes those which give it point—and leaves all else to be supplied by the looker-on. More in Mr. Buss's own style is the *Scene from The Merry Wives of Windsor* where Master Slender, assisted by Justice Shallow, makes love to Anne Page (225). The quantity of burlesque approximating to caricature of which the scene is susceptible is more suited to the painter's humour.

Several studies by Mr. George Catlin are here. A portrait of *The Little Wolf, a celebrated Warrior*

of the *Ioway Indians* (193), one of the party who visited London in 1846.—*An Indian Council* (397, 398, and 399) are proofs of this artist's power to convey, though in a rude and primitive style, native character in all its ferocity. His skill in the study of animal form speaks in *A Bison dying* (206). All these things attest the painter's close observation and sincerity of purpose—and withal an originality to be remarked rather than imitated.

Mr. T. F. Dicksee's *Sunday Morning* (202), a village maiden dressed out going to church, is more trite than attractive: surpassed by a very clever study of *A Jester* (432), which is full of fun.

One of the very few works of high excellence of which the collection can boast is Mr. F. M. Brown's *First Translation of the Bible into English* (216)—obviously designed with an intention to its possible execution in fresco. There is so much merit in the whole composition as to excuse in some degree a very badly contrived situation in which the painter has supposed Wicliff reading his translation of the New Testament to his protector, John of Gaunt, in the presence of Chaucer and Gower, his retainers. The merits of the picture, however, are more in the manner than in the matter—the painter's views, as before said, having been directed to a peculiar mode of execution. His judgment has been shown in having arranged much that can be done in a material where effect is to be attained rather by opposition of local colour than by strong contrasts of light and shade or the delicate gradations of half-tint. To his intention, realized in figures of half the natural size, we can well predict success; presuming that the artist, on revision of his work, will be induced to make some abatement of punctilious accuracy in the costumes—unfitted to the severity of historical treatment—in certain particulars which are the accidents of a by-gone time, and when so much insisted on subject their author to the imputation of pedantry.

Mr. Edward Corbould exhibits three compositions, each previously seen in the simpler character of the cartoon, and here re-appearing in a coloured version. Having noticed them on their former appearance, we shall only add here that *The Champion of England against all Comers* (218) is, to our taste, most improved by its translation into colours—and yet more by its reduced scale. *William Eynesham (the Yorkist Minstrel) publishing the News of the Defeat of the Lancastrians at the Battle of Towton-Field* (203) and *The Welcome of the Boy-King, Henry the Sixth, into London after his Coronation at Paris* (204) are two of Mr. Corbould's skilful costume combinations; rendered more complex by the thousand tints which he has so profusely strewn over his canvas—but wanting in the sober dignity of historic art.

The despair of *Othello* has met with very powerful exemplification at the hands of Mr. A. Christie (259). The figure is well-intended—natural in colour—and much assisted by the dull tone of the action and the depths of shadow in which it stands. To the head alone we should take exception, as being unnecessarily extravagant in expression and without any of the Moorish character. The episodes expressed in the partially seen hand of Desdemona, the expiring lamp, &c. tend to concentrate the interest and enrich one of the most original and impressive treatments seen for some time. An illustration of a Scottish ballad (248) is more vehement in action than the circumstances narrated in the stanzas quoted justify. Taken with the former, however, it helps to demonstrate the originality and pathos of Mr. Christie.

Mr. W. B. Johnstone's *Bianca Capella* (262), *Phedra and Cymochles* (263), and a *Woman of Pompeii* (264) testify to their author's studies from Venetian art. It is only the presence of some passages of colour, however, that induces our notice of them.

Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusades (309), by Mr. D. Scott, has ambitious and picturesque grouping and is florid in colour; but wants the enthusiastic air which the principal figure should not only possess himself, but impart to his auditory. There is too much calm here—and the contours are too sketchy and undefined.

Ruth and Naomi (350), by William Philip Salter, shows attentive readings of Italian masters; and there is the probability of nature in the composition, though the details are but little carried out.

Of Mr. Marshall Claxton's contributions, we like best his study of an academic figure, *The First Death* (381)—where Cain is seen flying from the crime which he has committed. *The Sepulchre* (385), a dead Christ, we have seen before. *The Bacchante* (383) does not justly represent the artist's talent.

The two compositions from Milton (386 and 387) have more of pretension than of realization. *The Tangled Skein, a knotty Question* (389) is one of those epigrammatic titles given to a subject of domestic life which are too much the fashion of the day. *Meditation* (390) and a portrait, life-size, of *The Late Sir Astley Cooper* (388) we add, to prove the diffuseness of Mr. Claxton's practice—a fact which they must regret who know what the painter could do were he settle himself down in sober and methodical mood to one department of his art.

Mr. Robert Scott Lauder re-exhibits *Dick Tinto showing Peter Pattison his Sketch of the Bride of Lammermuir* (402)—*The Tomb of Shakspeare* (400), which Walter Scott is contemplating,—a deep-toned portrait of an exiled Pole, *Julian Ursin Niemcewicz* (403)—*A Moss Trooper Wounded* (405)—and *A Portrait* (406). In addition, he has *The Evening Star* (401), a work of more sentiment, presenting a mother and child—and *Awake on the Raft* (404), from 'The Phantom Ship.' This is one of the painter's most poetical effects,—produced with few and simple materials.

Olivia, by Mr. Bell Smith, (411) is a species of combination of the pictorial views of Mr. Frank Stone and Mr. Brooke. *A Girl at the Stream* (412) presents as a pastoral a great contrast to the former. *Beatrice listening* (421), by Mr. G. Wells, has merit, though limited in degree; and his *Serenade* (425) is a clever group, however confessedly commonplace.

Mr. J. E. Lauder's *Toilet* (435) should be an early work, judging from the timid and careful look of its manipulation. A girl seated in a landscape, *The Ballad* (436), is a clever study. *Miranda* (437)—where she witnesses the meeting and reconciliation of Alonzo with Ferdinand—is no very extraordinary manifestation of those powers of which Mr. J. E. Lauder gave proof in his very able productions in oil at the last Exhibition at Westminster Hall.

Of the landscapes—which are almost all of the same class, ordinary nature—supplied by lane scenes, river views, meadows, and occasional studies of parts either in stem or in leaf—the best is undeniably Mr. R. McCulloch's *Misty Carries—Haunts of the Red Deer* (312). It is full of truth—the execution singular but satisfactory—the water somewhat exceptionable. The whole picture is marked by a more healthy taste than is observable in any other picture here in this department. Mr. Niemann is next in merit. His *Study* (434) convinces us that he has the taste to appreciate Claude and Turner. *The Study from Nature* (409), though clever, wants air. The two views, *On the Thames near Maidenhead* (429) and *On the Thames near Marlow* (430), are clever transcripts. *Norwich* (13) has an artificial look. The central mass of cloud is too purply—a cause of heaviness. *A Composition* (382) is better. *Sunset* (427) has too yellow a sky—and is too woolly and indefinite in handling.

Among Mr. Williams's numerous pictures we should single out his *Distant View of Florence from Fiesole* (213), and *The Fish-Market in the Jews' Quarter, Rome* (364). They are two of the most brilliant and faithful transcripts here. The artist has succeeded in giving the very look of climate. *The Diligence-Yard at Rouen—Preparing to Start* (365) is no less truthful.

Here are, again, several of Mr. J. D. Wingfield's combinations of landscape and figures. *A View near Queen Mary's Bower, Hampton Court* (70)—*Henri Quatre à Fontainebleau* (76)—*Scene near the Diana, Bushy Park* (74)—*Garden Scene, Hardwick Hall* (208)—and *The Palace Garden, time of Queen Anne* (231) are proofs of the painter's taste in such combinations.

Mr. S. R. Percy is the author of nine landscapes; his object—fidelity—being realized more or less in all. Their sameness of character renders particularization difficult; but they are of great ability. Mr. T. S. Robins, better known by his drawings in water colours, contributes four marine views to these walls; possessing much merit, but not marked by that supe-

riosity—in the water especially—which distinguishes his drawings.

By Mr. Alfred Corbould there are seven productions of animals; all exhibiting more independence of view than we have lately been used to see applied to such matters. *The Cow and Calf* (79) is to be especially remarked.

If Mr. George Cattermole be not here in works by his own hand, the *Retainers' Gallery*, *Knowle* (118) and *Lanercost Abbey* (258) prove Mr. J. Rayner's admiration of them. Miss Nancy Rayner, in *An Italian Musician* (489), *E Signora* (495), *Dancing Italian Boy* (496), and *White Mice* (502) shows that she can see nature with her own eyes. Among Mr. G. A. Williams's works, *A Passing Shower—View near Pangbourne* (169) is capital for its truth:—as is *Returning from Evening Prayers* (362) for its poetry. Mr. A. Williams's *Homesstead on the Banks of the Medway* (260) and *Osiens and Homesstead on the Banks of the Thames* (261) are remarkable for their brightness—a scene in *Knowle Park, Kent—Autumn, Midday* (371) is so for its general excellence—and a *Woodland River Scene* (372) for its extreme picturesqueness. By Mr. E. Williams, sen., *The Gipsies' Home* (289) is noticeable for its two effects of moon and fire light. *Cattle fording a Stream* (316) is an excellent moonlight effect; and the same artist has a good picture of *The Village Forge* (374).

There are pictures of merit by Messrs. Kidd, Aglio, Crome and others; and there is a large cartoon for a fresco, intended as a design for the *Entrance Hall of the Goldsmiths' Hall* (438), by Mr. J. Zephaniah Bell.

The best examples in the sculpture department, by Messrs. Sharpe, Earle and Thrupp, have been seen before.

Among the water-colour drawings—excepting one of a *Pilgrimage in the Tyrol* (462), by Mr. G. R. Lewis (who has two or three oil pictures, that have all been seen in days of yore) and Edward Corbould's, also seen before, of *St. Paul's Departure from the Shores of Britain* (493),—there is scarcely any of importance.

ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL.

EVERYONE knows that great allowance is to be made for the liberality of newspaper description; whose alchemy transmutes many things that are leaden or brazen into gold. With some of these periodicals every goose is a swan—and every swan that *rara avis* a black one. Accordingly, we viewed with some distrust the criticism bestowed on this structure of Mr. Pugin's, in consequence of the ceremony of its consecration having marked it out as a theme for the miscellaneous press. Yet, notwithstanding this moderated tone of our expectations, we had a disappointment to bear on visiting the edifice for ourselves. What further decoration may do for the architecture remains to be seen: but at present the impression produced on entering is anything but satisfactory; certainly does not answer to the ideas raised by the description of individual parts and detached objects,—such as the marble pulpit, font, and brass lectern. These scarcely show themselves in a general view: of which the most striking characteristics at present are bareness and meanness. Further decoration, whatever else it may do, can never overcome the constitutional defects of the structure itself. Though this may be said to be divided into a nave and side aisles, such division of the plan is in fact more nominal than real,—since the entire space may be seen at once, owing to the slenderness of the pillars and the comparatively great width of the arches. From this openness results an appearance altogether different from the usual closed-in perspective of a cathedral nave. The external walls of the structure seem to be exceedingly—at any rate disagreeably—slim; there being hardly any internal recess or splay to the windows,—which however justifiable it may be in modern construction, is decidedly at variance with the energy of fabrication that, exclusively of mere forms, contributes so greatly to the impressiveness and picturesqueness of the gothic style.

If not to be called a novelty, one unusual circumstance in this church is, that the nave has no clerestory, or upper windows, but is lighted entirely from the side windows of the aisles. This, at any rate, is a proof that precedent is not so scrupulously regarded by Catholic as by our stricter modern Protestant

architects. The absence of clerestory occasions an apparent want of greater space between the tops of the side arches and the roof. There is perhaps height enough, but it is nearly all occupied by the arches themselves. As it seems to us, the openings are excessive; the arches being so wide—or in other words, the pillars so far apart in proportion to their bulk—that there is nothing to bound the view—to confine the eye properly to the nave as a distinct portion of the plan. On the contrary, nave and aisles appear to be mixed up together. The entire space being overlooked at once, nothing is left to the imagination,—scarcely anything comes at any time into view which the spectator had not from his first entering the building perceived to be in it. There is none of that complexity which contributes so greatly to picturesqueness by accidents of perspective in our old cathedrals, where fresh combinations present themselves to the eye accordingly as the spectator shifts his station. What is worse is, that look in what direction we will the whole has a strangely confused and straggling appearance. There is nothing for the eye to repose on,—and no effect of light and shade.

Mr. Pugin's forte seems to lie in "contrasts"; and he has here revelled in contrasts more violent than artistic, or even ordinarily tasteful. The studied homeliness of some parts of his structure and the excessive decoration bestowed on others, without any well-managed gradation or transition, produce an effect akin to the grotesque. The Quaker and the Catholic seem to be rolled up together.

We had heard the gorgeousness of the chancel and two side chapels at that end of the building (which, by-the-bye, is not the east but the north) spoken of as something quite astonishing; nor can the merit—if merit it be—of being astonishing be denied them. Those parts are undoubtedly striking enough; but they struck us chiefly as being quite out of keeping with all the rest—or else all the rest out of keeping with them. The gorgeousness is of that undignified kind which we should call foppery and flutter. Of mere finery, indeed, there is enough and to spare; but of discreet taste little or none. If we look merely to the several details as so many specimens and patterns of ornament, they may be allowed to be satisfactory; but the combination is by no means so. In designing ornamental detail Mr. Pugin is a master,—but he has much to learn in regard to its discreet artistic application. He may be a clever lexicographer in that branch of Art, and collect useful materials for others; but he is no poet,—is incapable, it would seem, of working up those detached materials of architectural language into new and striking combinations of beauty and expression.

In this chancel and the two adjoining chapels he has heaped as much of decoration as could be got into them. They are overseasoned with it; and convince us, in spite of proverbs, that it is possible to have too much of a good thing. We are unpleasantly reminded of the show-room or the broker's shop in this ultra-Catholic portion of the edifice. There is, we admit, something picturesque in the disposition of the deeply recessed chancel and the two lateral chapels, and in the manner in which they exhibit themselves, in a near view, through the open screenings and grilles which inclose them. Several good hints and ideas may be obtained from this part of the building; and among the circumstances worth noting is the happy effect attending the window-like openings in the upper part of the walls between the chancel and chapels, admitting into each of those recesses a partial glimpse of the splendours in the adjoining one. On the whole, however, the display here made is of too theatrical a cast—scenic, but partaking too much of the scenic quality of the stage. As to the roof-loft and figures upon it coloured naturally, we will make no comment respecting the propriety of introducing what partakes of the character of waxwork. All we will observe is, that the figures might counterfeit nature very much better than they have been made to do. Perhaps their singular proportions—far more singular than agreeable—are intended to counteract that too close and, as we have said, waxwork-like approximation to nature that takes place when local colour is applied to statues.

Ambitions of reputation as an ecclesiastical decorator, Mr. Pugin lets it be seen, we repeat, that he values decoration too highly for its own sake. He

converts it from an auxiliary into a principal,—and applies it with such indiscreet profusion that the effect produced by it is not in any corresponding ratio to the means employed. Architecture is here smothered by it. The parts described and the rest of the building do not agree with—scarcely belong to one another. We are aware, as we have hinted, that the body of the structure is not completed,—the finishing touches of embellishment yet remaining to be given. When all the windows shall have been filled in with stained glass, the general effect will doubtless be greatly improved; but there is one disagreeable fault that will still remain,—which is, that the windows themselves are so shallow, so slightly recessed within the walls, as to cause an appearance of flimsiness of construction. The little doors—placed together in groups of threes—opening into the confessionals, are in our eyes most offensive blemishes. There is more of vulgar Gothicizing than of mediæval taste displayed there,—the doors being very ordinary square-headed ones, with a small arch filled in with some open-work ornament over each. Similar poorness of taste stamps the music gallery,—beneath which we enter, and over which we see the inner part of the tower and the great south window. This last is filled in with stained glass; and would, as seen together with the deep and vaulted recess in which it is placed, through the lofty arch at that end of the nave, produce a very striking effect.—though, in fact, be the most successful piece of architectural combination in the edifice—were not the ensemble so greatly marred by the ugly and vulgar-looking wooden orchestra, than which not even modern churchwardens, when it was in its ascendancy, has produced anything so barbarously "tasty" and uncouth.

We have not spoken of the pulpit or the font. The former—which is of Caen stone, with small columns of polished Purbeck marble, and is ornamented with baso-reliefs in its pannels—is really handsome—satisfactory both as to design and execution. The font is also elaborately sculptured,—and when it comes to be surmounted by a carved oak canopy, will form an important object. As to the framed pictures which are now hung up temporarily, we speak only of their effect on the general appearance of the church; and of whatever worth they may be in themselves, they certainly are anything but ornamental to the building,—showing but as so many dismal patches on its walls.

FINE-ART GOSSEP.—The sale at Stowe drags itself along, but as yet very little of general interest has passed under the hammer of Mr. Christie or his partner. Our contemporaries continue to detail with tedious minuteness the price per ounce of every tankard or soup tureen, or every three dozen of port or two dozen in pints of sack or Canary. The very names of the brokers who buy are inserted at length,—while the names of the real purchasers by whom the brokers have been employed are altogether omitted. The chief purchasers seem to have been the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Hastings, Lord Warl, and Mr. Peto, the eminent contractor and Member for Norwich. The gentry and farmers of the county have bought the massive Testimonial Centre Piece, weighing 2,206 ounces, to represent to the Duke;—but the Heraldic Lantern, with the Temple, Chandos, and Nugent quarterings, has gone to decorate the Calverley Hotel at Turbridge Wells! What a lesson does this read. "In the worst inn's worst room" the George and Garter was seen to dangle over the death-bed of another spendthrift Duke of Buckingham—and now the heraldic lantern of the present Duke of the same name has gone to the "best inn's best hall" with all its glories sanctioned by Garter and Clarenceux.—The sale of the pictures commences on Tuesday next, and will be continued over the three following days. Two by Fuseli, from the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' form the attractions of the first day. Wednesday's sale is made up of Knellers and copies after Kneller, Vanderbank, and the bad painter of George II.'s reign catalogued by Walpole; with one great feature, the exquisitely delicate miniature of Charles II. by Samuel Cooper,—sent by the King in 1651 to Henry, Lord Beauchamp. It is contained in an enamel case set with rose diamonds, and suspended on an oak tree of bronze. "Od's fish!" to use the King's own favourite

expression, but Charles is here very good looking and very unlike what Riley in life is said to have made him. On the Thursday will be sold the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, of which we have already given some account differing materially from the statement in the catalogue; and on the same day will be sold an extremely characteristic portrait of Pope by Richardson,—given by the poet to Mrs. Knight, the mother of Lord Nugent (afterwards Earl of Clare), who was said not to have written his own ode. There are other works of real merit included in the same day's sale:—one or two Lelys—or rather after Lely—of Sir Richard Temple, of the handsome Earl of Chesterfield and his Catherine, both celebrated by De Grammont, of Catherine of Braganza (an oval) in a black and whitened dress, with whole-lengths (contemporary copies) of La Belle Stuart and Nell Gwynne. To these we must add a specimen of Hudson (Sir Joshua's master), a profile of Hester Grenville, Countess of Chatham, and the characteristic three-quarter portrait by Hoare of the great Earl of Chatham, in a brown dress, seated. But the treasures of the day are the five Sir Joshuas:—1. A family group of the Temple family, consisting of four figures, a black assisting in holding up the boy, the Marchioness elegant, and the picture warm in colour; 2. A whole-length of the Marquis of Granby (chiefly a copy, perhaps by Northcote, but good); 3. A whole-length of the Marchioness of Buckingham; 4. A half-length of Richard Temple, Earl Grenville, in the robes of the Garter; and, 5. the companion picture—very fine, head a little faded—of the minister, George Grenville. The sale of the day will conclude with Stanfield's large picture of the 'Wreckers off Calais.' The glories of the Friday's sale are the Rembrandts, eight in number; the two principal pictures being—'A Burgomaster in a Black Dress, seated,' from the Orleans collection, and 'The Unmerciful Servant brought before his Lord,' known to many by Earle's engraving. The rooms at Stowe are so ill-lighted that it is quite impossible to pronounce on the present condition of even known pictures; and it is our custom generally, as our readers will remember, to abstain from giving any particular criticism upon pictures to be sold until after the day of sale.

This is the last day on which the public will be admitted to view the Vernon pictures at the donor's house in Pall Mall.

Mr. Pennethorne, the architect directed by the Trustees of the National Gallery to examine into the fitness of the lower rooms in their building in Trafalgar Square for the reception of the Vernon collection, and who has made, as we mentioned a fortnight since, an unfavourable report, has, it is said, proposed to the Trustees to erect a temporary building on such a scale as will endure for 10 or 12 years—and to apply to Parliament for an annual grant of 15,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* to accumulate during that time, for the erection of a new National Gallery. The site which he recommends is Cleveland Row,—which on the falling in of certain leases about the year 1860 will become the property of the Crown.

We find, however, a statement in the *Art-Journal* that Mr. Barry has submitted to the proper authorities a design for the enlargement of the present National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. Though 'the entire front will be altered and the building elevated one story,' we are told that 'the cost of execution is not to exceed 50,000*l.*—a moderate sum, certainly, considering the extent of the façade, the greatly increased height which is to be given to the whole, and the architect's passion for profuse and minute decoration. However, we hope there is no mistake as to estimate, whatever other there may be; and we think that one there must be, as to an additional story being raised upon the present structure, since all the existing exhibition rooms are lighted exclusively from above. That it would be possible to open windows in the walls of what would then become the lower exhibition rooms is not denied, but hardly could they in that way be sufficiently well lighted for their purpose. Several would be lighted only from their narrower sides or ends, both very awkwardly and very imperfectly; and the windows must be made of such size as greatly to reduce the surface of wall available for hanging pictures. Any alteration of that kind would be the reverse of improvement, and would be found decidedly unsatisfactory in every respect. It

is true there would be a well-lighted floor above; but that would scarcely make sufficient amends for the present rooms being spoiled,—while the having to ascend to those upper rooms would be an inconvenience. The idea of an additional story can, therefore, we conceive, hardly be entertained for the whole building, but merely for its central portion, occupied by the hall. This extends about a hundred feet in length; and, as it is not lighted from above, it is there practicable enough to obtain a single large upper room, or two separate ones of the same length but half the width. How much of Mr. Wilkins's work Mr. Barry proposes to leave we pretend not to guess. Were he to treat that artist as he has treated Sir J. Soane at the Treasury Buildings, nothing of the original façade of the National Gallery would be left, save, perhaps, that there would be the same columns as before. Are we to lose the present portico as well as the dome? The disappearance of the latter would be an improvement, but not so that of the former,—which, in our opinion, ought to be preserved, if not exactly as it now exists. We have seen, as we have said on a former occasion, a design for a *refacciamento* of the façade of the National Gallery, in which that feature is not only preserved but augmented, and made the focus of a grandiose composition. Yet that design, which was sent in for the last Exhibition at the Royal Academy, was, our readers know, rejected, while mere architectural trash was admitted. Mr. Barry is probably ignorant of this design. Whether it be intended that the whole of the building thus enlarged shall be given up to the purposes of a National Gallery, or that a portion of it shall still be retained for the accommodation of the Royal Academy, our contemporary does not say. What seems most of all certain, if the announcement be true, is that no one but Mr. Barry is to have the opportunity of exercising ingenuity and contrivance for the improvement of the National Gallery. Yet surely competition would not be amiss in a matter of so much importance.

The Committee of Management of the Government School of Design have made the following arrangement of the staff of instructors for re-opening the School on the 2nd of October. *Class of Ornamental Design*—Head Master, Mr. Herbert; Master, Mr. Burchett. *Class of Colour*, including Flower Painting—Head Master, Mr. Redgrave; Master, Mr. Denby. *Class of Form*, including Modelling—Head Master, Mr. Townsend; Masters—Geometrical and Architectural Drawing, Perspective, Shading, &c., Mr. Richardson and Mr. Burchett,—freehand Outline Drawing, Mr. Herman and Mr. W. Deverell. The Committee have engaged a suite of spacious apartments opposite Somerset House for the Female School, and the rooms which it has hitherto occupied in Somerset House are appropriated to the Elementary Class of the Male School:—an arrangement that secures the advantage of carrying on separately the instruction of this numerous class, and provides in the upper rooms more adequate space for the advanced students.

The rumour that the London Colosseum was about to be removed turned out, as we apprehend, to be a false alarm:—but another Art-property in the same neighbourhood has just been brought to the hammer. The property consisting of the buildings of the Diorama, which were stated to have cost upwards of 10,000*l.*—the costly machinery—the two pictures by M. Diosse now exhibiting, 'The Interior of St. Mark's Church, Venice,' and 'Mount Ætna,'—the thirteen large pictures which have been exhibited in former years—and the building ground in the rear of the premises, were put up at the sum of 3,500*l.*, and finally knocked down at 6,750*l.*

Our readers may remember that not long since [*ante*, p. 776], we published a letter from an Augsburg correspondent giving an account of a work on Art published by M. Hundertpfund, in which the theory of colour is developed. Our correspondent is mistaken, as is M. Hundertpfund himself, in his estimate of the amount of novelty contained in this theory; but the book having just now a great vogue, as we are informed, amongst German artists, and the method of illustration being logical and ingenious, we allowed our correspondent to describe the work and give his own opinion of its views. Another correspondent has now called our attention to a similar theory of colour published by Moses Harris

and dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds about, he believes, the year 1796. As he describes it, the theories are certainly identical: but, as we have said, the Germans are wrong *only* if they believe the principles involved to be new. What merit there is in M. Hundertpfund's book is due to his peculiar mode of applying the theory to practical Art. The analysis of colour into the primitive red, blue, and yellow, and the immediate applications of this knowledge, have been so long generally known that no specific authority is requisite to prove their want of originality.

The public have, it seems, been altogether mistaken on a subject on which we fear we have ourselves contributed to mislead them. The national debt to Mr. Vernon is paid—and we who have taken a sort of professional interest in its liquidation have nothing to do but give a discharge on his behalf. Our own notion of settlement was, we confess, but a vulgar one compared with the transcendental mode which has been discovered of clearing off the account. Seeing that stars and statues and titles had been commonly held as approved currency in matters of account between the nation and its creditors, we had ventured to hint at such things—and we are afraid that Sir Robert Inglis had some idea of the matter as unreformed as our own. It is, of course, the more gratifying to us to know that Mr. Vernon has been paid with the *thanks of the Commissioners of the Fine Arts*. Some nights since, Sir R. Inglis, in the House of Commons, urged that it was 'not right to let such an act of munificence pass by without taking some more formal notice of it than Parliament had yet thought proper to do. Although there had been gifts of a similar nature to that of Mr. Vernon presented to the nation, it must be observed they were legacies bequeathed after the decease of the individuals making them, whereas Mr. Vernon had made this splendid donation during his lifetime. If only for the purpose of encouraging others, such a gift ought not to be suffered to pass unnoticed by the Government or the legislature.—Lord Morpeth said that as far as the members of the Committee of Fine Arts were concerned, the sentiments inspired in their minds by Mr. Vernon's splendid generosity and munificence had been fully expressed both publicly and privately.'—We suspect that if he were canvassed Lord Morpeth would be disposed to give consistency to a reward of this volatile nature by something as weighty as a baronetcy; but Government will probably endorse the voucher and cancel the account—ready to open another, on behalf of the nation, with any of the Queen's lieges on similar terms.

From Scotland, we may report that at Paisley the gentlemen of the town have been inaugurating in their Public Coffee Room, as it is called, a bust of Prof. Wilson, the work of his and their fellow-townsmen Mr. James Fillans.

We see it stated, too, that the late Mr. Chisholm, who died at Rothsay last year, has left a family of children in circumstances so distressed that it is proposed to dispose of his posthumous works—consisting of paintings, drawings, and engravings, to the number of ninety—by a subscription of three hundred shares at a guinea each.

The hammer 'truculentus' of Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson has now definitely scattered abroad all the fine and rare coins and medals which, from upwards of a century ago, had formed the universally renowned cabinet of the noble Pembroke family. This extensive auction—which may certainly be called the numismatic sale of the season—excited to the last the greatest interest; and we at its close briefly mention a few of the lots (of the second and last portion of the sale) that were subjects of the most active and instructive competition. The whole collection has produced nearly 6,000*l.*; and we are not sure that it would not have sold for a much larger amount had the state of the Continent been less unsettled, and had the publication of the Catalogue taken place earlier—as is desirable and usual for important and rare collections of coins. As it is, however, this Pembroke Catalogue is already scarce; and in compliance with the suggestion of some *virtuosi*, it is now in course of being reprinted by Messrs. Burgon & Curt (in 4to. and folio) with the addition of indexes, prices, and a preface, but without the names of the purchasers. As a book of reference it

will probably become as great a desideratum as the very rare Catalogue of the famed Thomas Coins (sale 1844), made by the same parties. We must not omit to mention that a finer series of Roman Consular and Imperial Gold Coins has perhaps never before been formed than in this collection; and, comparatively speaking, this class—owing also, no doubt, to its general rarity—sold higher than any others. As works of Art alone, and independently of their historical and intrinsic value, some of these *aurei* have no parallels. To return to the lots last sold. The very fine, and earliest gold coin of Lydia, described accurately by Borrell in the 'Numismatic Chronicle' (Vol. II., p. 216), produced 30*l.* 10*s.* These coins, generally found on the site of the ancient city of Sardes, exist in considerable numbers—and are easily procurable in gold at about 12*l.*, and in silver for very much less. Some archaeologists suppose them to have been struck by order of the rich King Croesus in the above capital of his dominions (see Arundelian marbles, &c.,—LIV. LXIV. Olympiades—562-523 a.c.). The Greek medallion of Philip the Elder, with Noah's Ark, which Sestini and other learned numismatists fully believed to be genuine (1796, pl. X., 6), was pronounced a cast and false. It sold, in consequence, very cheap. The series of the Syrian princes formed a beautiful and interesting suite. Its chief gem was the almost unique tetradrachm of Tryphon, one of the fine and rarest specimens of ancient metallic art. It brought 130*l.*—a proper price. Very probably this singular silver coin will be soon added to our choice collection in the British Museum. The name of its real purchaser was suppressed; a plan studiously followed throughout the second portion of this sale by some of our official employees,—who had, it seemed, unlimited commissions. Mr. Curt bought—not *mutato nomine*—for England as well as for the Continent. The silver coin of Pharnaces and those of the great Mithridates were false. There were but very Bithynian coins in silver; the fine and rare Prusias II., with the head winged, and Nicomedes III. were purchased (for the British Museum it was stated) at 7*l.* 15*s.* and 6*l.* The former was cheap. The beautiful and rare Cyreniatic coins in gold sold very well,—being above all suspicion as to their perfect genuineness (2*l.* to 16*l.*). The Duke de Luynes, the greatest private collector in the world, has published, amongst other works, a very learned one on the above coins (2 vols. 4to. Paris, 1846), illustrated with beautifully executed plates. The half shekel of Simeon the High Priest (a.c. 134-139), in lot 1265, was in fair preservation and sold for only 3*l.* 14*s.* There are numerous spurious pieces in silver and of base metal of various sizes of this class,—in general easily recognizable as false imitations. The small but singular series of coins of kings of Edessa were bought by Dr. James Bird for a small sum (lots 1268, 9.) 8*l.* A fine Daric in gold—these coins, *Δαρικος*, are mentioned by Herodotus, &c.—sold for 4*l.* 8*s.* Some fine specimens of this class have recently arrived here from Smyrna. The fine and rare gold medals (not coins) of Ptolemy I. and his queen Berenice, with Ptolemy II. and Arsinoë, fetched 41*l.* The medal of Ptolemy III. brought 19*l.*—and the small gold coin of Berenice (hemidrachm) 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* A common tetradrachm of Ptolemy I. sold for 4*l.* 16*s.* A cistophorus, or Basket-Bearer coin, of Apamea, sold for only 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* The coin of Tigranes, though rather scarce, brought but 3*l.* 6*s.*—not being very fine. Numismatists generally consider it worth more. The Byzantine coins—much neglected in England, and so well illustrated by Sauley—sold rather well; especially those of the Comneni—though we look in vain on them for actual portraiture, Art having greatly degenerated about the sixth century of Christ. A first brass medal of the Empress Tranquillina sold for 16*l.* 16*s.* It was bought for a collector in Paris, who considers it worth 45*l.*—being very fine and highly satisfactory, as well as of the greatest rarity, at all events, if not unique. It was bought by Mr. Curt, as agent. The finest silver coin of Carausius, the Romano-English emperor, (lot 1297), reverse, a galley and various rowers, sold for 8*l.* 15*s.*—a stiff price. It was bought for a very choice collector in Kent. The miscellaneous objects, cabinets, &c., at the end of the twelfth day's sale obtained good prices. All lovers of antiquity being desirous of

some memento of such a far-famed collection, most lots were, to the last, eagerly sought after. A love of numismatics is becoming very conspicuous; and talents of high order are devoted, both here and abroad, to the exposition of this fine old science.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Pièces pour le Clavecin, par François Couperin, Organiste de Chapelle et Membre de la Chambre de Musique de Louis Quatorze. Edited by Lindsay Sloper. Books I. and II.—We gave Mr. Sloper great credit for reviving some of this interesting old music at his Chamber Concerts this spring. On turning to the publication, new reasons for recommending it suggest themselves. Apart from the solidity of their harmony, the old-fashioned grace of their melodies, and their usefulness as studies of music written in parts,—the *suites* here edited possess a value as illustrations of style. This in French music is clearly marked and constant; worthy, as we have a hundred times said, of more attention than it has obtained. Piquancy, not clear of a certain pleasing dryness, is about as good a "definition in little" as presents itself. This we find in Rameau, in Mehl, with a larger intermixture of southern fluency and sweetness, in Auber, in Boieldieu: this gives their savour to 'Les Mousquetaires' and 'Charles VI.' by Halévy. To catch this, too, the foreign *maestri*—the Glucks, the Cherubinis, the Spontinis, the Meyerbeers—all who have written for France have consented. In the old church music of our neighbours (so far as we know it) it takes a certain nasal tone which is less engaging. The student need but compare Couperin's instrumental compositions with the specimens of similar music by Bach, by Handel, by Scarlatti [*vide Athen.* No. 1001], to establish the justice of our estimate. Less broad than the German music,—lacking the Italian *dolcezza*,—they have a mind, a meaning, and a manner which give them a separate and peculiar place.—One more remark: let the student be reminded that we are reviewing these compositions for what they are—ancient music. They may be found merely tedious and unprofitable by such as have exclusively fed on the productions of modern fancy and science. A certain dash of antiquarianism, even, may be required to impart to them their full relish:—and this it is easy to caricature and unsafe to indulge in beyond a certain point. Still, the Catholicism which can throw itself back into the thoughts and expressions of past times (not disregarding the present) is better than that connoisseurship which perversely fixes limits to its sympathies, and is not to be lured beyond them to inquire or study for the sake of adding to its knowledge and enlarging its circle of pleasures.

Some more modern pianoforte music is also on our table. *Le Tremolo, Grand Etude*, by Charles Meyer; *Souvenir du Rhin, Divertissement*,—*Le Désir, Pensée Romantique*, by H. Cramer; *Air with Variations*, by T. Beyer, are four numbers of 'The Pianoforte Player.' The first is a good study; capable of being fingered in two different ways,—but in either case excellent as practice for the loosening of the fingers and the maintenance of a flowing melody the while. Mr. H. Cramer's compositions are in the *notturno* style (to coin a designation); bearing no particular traces of individuality,—but not difficult, as times go, and rather elegant. High composition has obviously never crossed the mind of the writer: the student, therefore, will not gain any insight into structure, modulation, or such expression as thereon depends, by their agency.—Then we have two Duets;—*Rondo alla Polacca*, by K. Zeuthen, which is possibly the reprint of some work by a German composer, and cannot be much commended, the *secondo* player being reduced to the subordinate state of a mere accompanist,—and a *Rondo* (Op. 13) by Miss Anne S. Mounsey. This is in every respect superior: a good, steady, well-conducted *rondo*,—as a Lady's *rondo* should be.

The publication of the *Mozart's Twelve New Symphonies* is all but completed. What has been said of the first half-dozen numbers will apply to the latter five which are before us. In these days when almost every child early becomes proficient in passage-music, and therefore yearns to make a show with

Thalberg's *fantasias* (ambition how totally absurd!),—or, if poetical, prefers to dream over the delicate imaginings of Chopin,—music so solid and simple as this (not clear, let us further own, of obsolescence in many places) may have small power to detain the eager finger or the picturesque fancy. Yet, inasmuch as every course of musical instruction should concern itself with the appreciating faculties as well as with the executive powers, these Symphonies, if only for the insight into the forms of classical composition which they would afford under the guidance of a judicious teacher, are excellent as practice, and to be recommended.

Church Music in Vocal Score, with an Accompaniment for the Organ. By William Jackson. Mosham.—Mr. Jackson, though occasionally proving himself possessed of ideas and always enterprising, appears vexatiously resolute to give the most hopeful critic no room for praising him further. The good, the bad, and the indifferent are so inextricably jumbled together in his attempts, that unless we were to descend on every separate phrase and modulation it would be difficult to convey our precise opinion of the valuable matter, the defects, the promise, or the disappointments which they contain. The collection of church music before us comprises a 'Te Deum' and 'Jubilate,' a 'Magnificat' and a 'Nunc Dimittis,' eight Chants and four Anthems. It is a *salad*—to speak familiarly—a mixture of almost every style and effect which has been tried by the sacred composer: and until Mr. Jackson shall settle into the severe, the florid, the contrapuntal, or the melodious manner of writing, there is little chance, we apprehend, of his aspirations meeting the reward which is so precious to the aspirant.

OLYMPIC.—A new drama by Mr. Courtney, in two acts, entitled 'Time tries All,' was produced on Monday evening. Mr. Leeson (Mr. Younge) a rich merchant, destined for his partner and nephew, Matthew Bates (Mr. Leigh Murray), the hand of his daughter Laura (Mrs. Stirling). This was that actress's first appearance on these boards, and she was received with high welcome:—which she merited by her able tracings of the finer shades of the part. No character could well be better suited to Mrs. Stirling's style than that of a fantastic maiden who, mistaking the bias of her own feelings, banishes from her presence and his country the man whom she really loves. The second act sets matters to rights. Her cousin returns on a new matrimonial speculation; but becoming aware, by the old and hackneyed eaves-dropping expedient, of the real state of Laura's affections, he restores to her the heart which she thought she had lost for ever. This, it will be seen, is a drama in which the interest is mental, and sustained by the heroine.

The piece was succeeded by a new farce—'What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid'—written by Mr. B. Brough. It exhibits the humour of Mr. Compton and Mr. Emery; the former expecting to be poisoned by a malicious cook,—and the latter, as his sympathizing friend, partaking in his whimsical distresses. This is a piece which requires to be witnessed in order to its being appreciated. The jokes are too practical to tell in mere description—but in performance they leave no doubt of the author's stage tact.—Both these productions were successful.

MARYLEBONE.—The Keeleys continue to succeed with their revived melo-dramas. On Monday 'Martin Chuzzlewit' was re-produced, followed by 'The Forty Thieves.'

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The periodic complaints of want of patronage are now going the usual round of publication; partly the natural feeling of the season, and partly a legitimate impression from the facts of the past. The drama has all but perished, it is said, for lack of royal and aristocratic sanction—and music, during the operatic vacation, is declared to be suffering because the tradesman has not yet learnt to estimate it as among the wants of his condition. Such are the allegations. But the artist, it should not be forgotten, preceded the patron—and thus, in some sort, created him. Every echo is the response to a voice; and it may be justly inferred that if an echo come not from the quarter fairly expected, it is because the originating voice has

either not been uttered or not sufficiently pronounced. *How Art—* as Art, and not as a money speculation—has been so exhibited as to make it probable that a public taste could be created for it? Certainly not, during the present year at any rate. It is urged by some that the fault is rather in the theatrical directors than in the professors of Art—that the former do nothing on principle for high Art, proceed only on statistical data, and look solely to the treasury. Even if this were wholly true—as it is partially—the evil might be greatly mitigated by the artist himself cherishing a lofty ideal as his rule of professional action. The manager has so frequently to succumb to the caprice of a popular favourite as the actor has to yield to the cupidity of the manager: nor can the latter expect support from without to any other species of coercion or self-assertion on his part than that which takes Art for his argument and his ally.—Meanwhile, the tardy, and as yet slight, sympathy expressed by Her Majesty in the cause of British drama is an influence which may possibly help to lend the current of the popular mind in a similar direction.

At the Princess's Theatre opera is to be reinstated. The manager's first successes were due to his neat exhibition, with second-rate artists, of translated operas; and he may be supposed to know more of the requisites in that department of theatrical conduct than in the regular drama. Mr. F. Eames has resigned his post as leader of the orchestra.—Mr. James Wallack is named as the stage-manager for the ensuing Haymarket season.

The anniversary musical festival of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester, commenced in the former city on Tuesday morning last. At the morning's performances in the Cathedral on that day upwards of 1,500 persons were present—not much less than double the numbers who attended the first performance of the meeting in 1845. The musical arrangements were those which we have already announced to our readers (*ante*, p. 756). The services of the day were opened by a Voluntary on the organ by Mr. Arnott, organist of Gloucester Cathedral; the pieces and responses were Tallis's; the Psalms were sung to a chant by the Rev. W. H. Haverall; and the Grand Chant was used for the 'Venite.' In the evening, the concert in the College Hall attracted 600 visitors—an excess of one-third over the visitors to the first evening concert in 1845. The performance commenced with Mendelssohn's well-known music to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' Besides this, the most prominent features of the concert were Beethoven's overture to 'Leonora,' Rossini's 'Una voce,' and the famous anacreontic, 'Diagreto per esser felice,' sung by Mlle. Albini. Beethoven's 'Adelaide,' and the 'Fra poco' from 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.—the air and chorus, 'Omoro,' from Gluck's 'Orfeo,' the solo part being sung by Miss Dolby, the air, 'Non più andrai,' from 'Figaro,' sung by Lablache, and the fine sextetto, 'Sola, sola,' from 'Don Giovanni.' On Wednesday morning Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' was performed, according to our pre-announcement, to an audience of 1,200 persons; the principal solo parts being taken by Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, the Misses Williams, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Locke, and Mr. Machin. As at the previous performances, so large an attendance has not been known for many years.—At the concert in the evening the attendance was not so numerous, though 400 persons were present. The performance began with the first part of 'The Seasons' of Haydn. Miss Dolby sang Mozart's 'Quando miro'; Lablache the buffo air, 'Miei rampolli,' from the 'Cenerentola'; and Albini the 'Voi che sapete' from 'Figaro.' Miss Kate Loder played the pianoforte concerto of Mendelssohn which she performed at the Philharmonic. In the second part of the concert a duet of Donizetti's, sung by Madame Castellan and Miss Dolby, was encored—were Madame Castellan's aria from 'La Sonnambula,' Albini's scena from 'La Cenerentola,' and Mr. Sims Reeves's ballad, 'In this old Arm-chair my Father sat.' An interesting feature in this concert was the production of a new madrigal by John Barnett, composed expressly for the present festival, to words by Sir Walter Raleigh. The concert finished with Mr. Wallace's new National Hymn. Thursday morning's performances of sacred music in the Cathedral began with a selection from Dr. Crotch's 'Palestine,' which in-

cluded the quartett, 'Lo, star-led Chiefs,'—the quartett, 'Be Peace on Earth,'—the quartett and chorus, 'Then on your Tops,'—and the air, 'No more your thirsty Rocks shall pour forth.' The second part consisted of Mendelssohn's anthem, 'Why, O Lord, delay for ever,' a selection from Haydn's 'Creation,' the 'Holy, holy' of Handel, and Beethoven's oratorio of 'Engedi.'—The 'Oberon' concert in the evening was expected to be crowded beyond former precedent.

MISCELLANEA

Mode of Extinguishing Fires at Sea.—The following letter has been addressed by Dr. Reid to a daily morning paper.—

As the danger from fire at sea is attended with so many appalling circumstances (of which we have had a recent instance in the melancholy catastrophe of the Ocean Monarch), I beg to submit for the public consideration, and especially underwriters, the following plan, as a cheap, simple, and efficient method of preventing the occurrence of such accidents. Flame or combustion cannot go on where there is carbonic acid gas. This is one of the elementary principles of chemistry. It may be shown in various ways. A lighted taper plunged into a jar of carbonic acid gas is instantaneously extinguished; or, if we take the glass of a common argand burner, and close the upper end of it by a flat plate of glass or even by a piece of card or pasteboard, firmly, so completely as to prevent any current of air through the tube, on introducing for about an inch or so the flame of a candle at the other extremity (the glass of the argand burner being held upright) it will shortly, usually in the space of little more than a minute, be extinguished, merely by the accumulation of the carbonic acid gas produced by its own combustion. The production of carbonic acid gas is completely at our command, for on adding dilute sulphuric acid to chalk, we can set at liberty, in the space of two or three minutes, enormous volumes of the so-called fixed air. The cost of material for a ship of 1,000 tons would not exceed, at the utmost, 15*l.* or 20*l.* sterling. By means of tubes proceeding from the upper deck in connexion with a cistern, containing the dilute sulphuric acid, to the quarters below where there is most likelihood of danger from fire, or moveable hose (made of gutta percha), which can be introduced into any part of the vessel—the oil of vitriol, previously diluted with water, can be at once poured over the chalk (which is to be thrown down in the place where the fire rages), and, immediately, the carbonic acid being set at liberty, the fire is extinguished; for combustion cannot go on in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas. I have been much occupied experimenting on this subject, and find that from five tons of chalk as much carbonic acid gas may be obtained as will be sufficient to completely fill a vessel of 1,000 tons burden. The expense of laying the tubes will not exceed 30*l.* or 40*l.*; and, once laid, there is no further trouble or expense. I may observe also (but experiments are at variance on this subject) that it is not requisite to have an atmosphere absolutely consisting of carbonic acid gas to extinguish flame, for some experiments show that a taper does not burn in an atmosphere of three parts atmospheric air and one part carbonic acid gas. Lightning-conductors are provided for ships—surgeons also to take care of the health of the crew—assuredly no expense (and it is but a trifle) would be grudged to secure a ship and its passengers from the contingency of such a melancholy mishap that of fire. If this method were adopted, there seems to be everything in its favour—all our emigrant ships, indeed every ship, ought to be secured against a calamity which really must be held as the most dreadful that can occur to a vessel at sea.

How they build in New York.—There was once a gentleman who, having moved into a house in Hudson Street, tilted his chair backward against the front wall after dinner, as all Americans do, to enjoy his cigar. The dining-room was on the second floor. The wall gave way behind him, and he was spilled into the street. He was an alderman, and, luckily, pitched upon his head—or, perhaps, he might have been hurt. He had a two hours' headache as it was. When he sought damages in the Court of Common Pleas he was nonsuited, on the ground that, living in a house in New York, he must have been aware of the peril,—and was not entitled to compensation for harm of his wilful or careless seeking. A washerwoman in Canal Street, going to drive a nail into the brick wall of the next house, thereto to attach her clothes-line, struck the iron through into the skull of the tenant, who happened to be taking his afternoon nap in the posture of the sufferer of the preceding story, and killed him as dead as Sisera.—*Boston Herald.*

It is known that the Duke of Buckingham was in possession of a very extensive collection of Irish MSS., from which the 'Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres' were selected, and edited by the late Dr. O'Connor, and printed at his Grace's expense; but although advertised, very few copies were sold, when the work was unaccountably withdrawn. As the Duke's effects are now selling by his creditors, I am sure that many others of your readers, as well as myself, will be anxious to know if those MSS. have been secured for the British Museum or other public library, and whether the stock of the above-mentioned work is likely now to come into the market.—I am, &c., your most obedient servant.

JOHN MACKENZIE.

Whitehaven, August 31.

Discovery of a Roman Villa.—The Hon. R. C. Neville has been enabled lately, through the permission of Mr. Samuel Jonas, of Ickleton, to have a field in his possession explored. It is situated within sight of the Roman encampment and Templi Umbra (as called by Stukeley), and about a quarter of a mile from the Chesterford station, by the road-side leading to Ickleton. The men in the employ of the hon. gentleman, and under his personal directions, commenced their labours about ten days since; and have succeeded in discovering the remains or walls of a large Roman building, supposed a villa, having already exposed to view five rooms or compartments. Hopes are entertained that this will lead to some further interesting discovery.

In your notices of the proceedings of the British Association (*ante*, p. 864), I have just read the following observations by Dr. Smith:—"The rain is also often alkaline,—arising probably from the ammonia of the burnt coal, which is no doubt a valuable agent for neutralizing the sulphuric acid so often found. The rain-water of Manchester is about 44 degrees of hardness,—harder, in fact, than the water from the neighbouring hills, which the town intends to use. This can only arise from the ingredients obtained in the town atmosphere." A painful necessity has caused me for many years to pay great attention to the purity of the water I drink, and my observation of rain-water induces me to suspect that the Doctor is in error respecting its hardness in great towns. I resided for some years in a lone cottage in the country, covered with a slate roof, out of which arose several stacks of chimneys composed and painted with anti-corrosive—there being no parapet wall. As long as the paint remained good, the water presented not a trace of lime; but as soon as the oil of the paint had perished, my test warned me that I must no longer drink the water—for it obviously contained a good deal of lime. Subsequently, I removed to a house about five miles from London,—a lone house with a slate roof, a large stack of chimneys and parapet walls. I found immediately that the rain-water collected from this roof would not do for me: it contains as much lime as the river water, which is conveyed to the same house by white-washed iron pipes. But I did not conclude that it was the impure atmosphere which spoiled my rain-water; for I compared the mortar of the brick-work of my chimneys and parapet walls to the decayed paint which had annoyed me in the country,—and I therefore sent to a neighbour whose house is in a less pure atmosphere, being surrounded by other houses, but having no parapet walls and chimneys well painted. His rain-water contains not a trace of lime, and is perfectly soft. If, therefore, the rain-water examined by Dr. Smith was collected by roofs, and no attention was paid to the nature and circumstances of those roofs, I have shown good reason to suspect that the alkaline property did not "probably arise from the ammonia of the burnt coal, nor the hardness from the ingredients obtained in the town atmosphere."—I am, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER OF MANY YEARS' STANDING.

Sculptors' and Stone Carvers' Society.—A number of operative sculptors and ornamental stone carvers have formed a society for the mutual advantage of its members, affording opportunities for study and improvement [which individually they could not obtain. They propose to establish a library immediately connected with the arts, form a collection of drawings and models, and obtain the delivery of lectures upon subjects bearing upon the pursuit.—*Builder.*

EIGHTEENTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

[From our own Correspondents.]

TUESDAY.

SECTION D.—SUB-SECTION OF ETHNOLOGY.

'On certain Languages of Sennar and Kordofan,' by Dr. TUSCHKE.

'On the Turks and Greeks,' by Dr. SKENE.

'Measurements of a Burgundian and Kirgis Skull,' by Prof. RETZIUS.

'Ethnographical Note on the Inhabitants of Part of Leicestershire,' by Prof. PHILLIPS.

'Report on the Present State and Recent Progress of Ethnographical Philology.—Part 2. America and Polynesia,' by Dr. R. G. LATHAM.

'On a Quantity of Human Bones discovered in a Field near Billingham, in the County of Durham,' by J. HOGG, Esq.

WEDNESDAY.

SECTION D.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

Mr. LOVELL REEVE contributed a 'Notice of an Observation made by Mr. Taylor at Bathalon, Ceylon, on the Sounds emitted by Molluscs.'—There is a curious thing here which I don't know whether you ever heard of. Going at night on the lake in the neighbourhood of the fort, one is struck by a loud musical noise proceeding from the bottom of the water. It is caused by multitudes of some animal inhabiting shells I believe,—at least the natives call

them "singing shells," and I have been shown what they said were those which made the noise. Some people doubt, however, whether it is these shells that sing, or some others, or fish of some kind. Whatever it be, I can answer for having heard the sounds repeatedly,—so distinctly, too, that you cannot help hearing them even when the oars and paddles are splashing and the boat going fast through the water. The sounds are like those of an accordion or Æolian harp, guitar, or such like, vibrating notes and pitched in different keys.

Lieut.-Col. PORTLOCK made the following communication on the same subject.—I think it right to draw attention to the *Helix aperta*, which is very remarkable for its property of emitting, when irritated, a strong and well marked sound. When I first noticed the sound thus emitted on accidentally touching the animal I was peculiarly struck by it, and immediately referred to Rossmiesler, who I found describes the quality of the animal in a very graphic manner, stating that the sounds were such as indicated irritation. The *Helix aperta* is very abundant at Corfu, appearing sticking on the squill leaves in the spring, when about the beginning of March the annual increment of growth of the shell is perfectly soft. If the animal be irritated by a touch with a piece of straw or other light material, it emits a distinctly audible sound possessing a singular grumbling or querulous tone. This it frequently repeats if freshly touched, and continues so to do for apparently an unlimited space of time, as I kept one for a considerable time in my house, and heard this sound whenever I touched it. As Rossmiesler has so fully described this fact, I shall only add that I have on more occasions than one heard what I considered a similar, though very feeble, sound from the *Helix aspersa*, and I need not say that the explanation seems very easy from the structure of the animal.

The PRESIDENT stated that he had received a note from Mr. Joseph Clarke informing him that *Colymbus arcticus* had been shot near Swansen, and ought to have been included in his Fauna of Swansen.

A paper was read from Dr. MACDONALD 'On the erroneous Division of the cervical and dorsal Vertebrae, and the Connexion of the first Rib with the seventh Vertebra in the Mammifers, and the true normal Position of the Head of the Ribs in Mammals.'—Dr. Macdonald pointed out an interesting application of comparative anatomy of the osteology of mammals, in correction of an error in descriptive zoology introduced by the illustrious Cuvier, and blindly continued by all succeeding systematizers and copyists. It is at present the received opinion, that all mammals except the Brachyus have seven cervical vertebrae—that is to say, unconnected with the ribs. This will not be found to be the case in the Quadrumana-Carnivora (except Phoca), Rodentia, Pachydermata, Pecora and Celacea. In all these the head of the first rib is articulated opposite the intervertebral space, and partly articulated to the body of the seventh vertebra—and thus becomes a dorsal vertebra. A more extended examination will show that the normal situation of the head of the rib is intervertebral. Thus in Man the twelve ribs will have thirteen vertebrae connected with them. Dr. Macdonald referred to the various osteological museums in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow which he had enjoyed the opportunity of examining; the skeletons of the Seal, Seahorse and Kangaroo were the only exceptions. Thus, while a correction of a widely-circulated error was proposed, Dr. Macdonald at the same time suggested the general principle of the normal situation of the ribs being in the interspace of the vertebrae,—and showed the extension of this principle in the construction of the rest of the skeleton; where, even to the fingers or toes, this may be exhibited. The second part of the communication, showing the analogy between the arrangement of the bones of the arm and hand with the foot in Man, was for the purpose of correcting the homologies that have been proposed for the pectoral fins in the osseous fishes;—but this would require a greater space than we can now devote, and would not be easily followed without illustration.

A paper was read from the Rev. J. BRADLEY 'On the Formation of Sand-rocks by the Tubes of a Species of Sabella.'

Mr. JOSHUA CLARKE wished to draw the attention of the Section to the parasitical habits of *Rhinanthus*

Crista-galli. This plant was frequently found amongst barley, and produced injurious effects. On examining the roots he found that they were parasitic upon the roots of the barley.—Mr. BENTHAM believed that this plant, with *Euphrasia*, *Odontites*, and *Melampyrum* might be parasitical. He had, however, recently examined *Euphrasia* and *Odontites*, but could not discover that they were parasitical. He believed that they might be parasitical in some cases, but certainly *Euphrasia* and *Odontites* were not always so.—Mr. BABINGTON thought from the drawings exhibited by Mr. Clark that the *Rhinanthus* was probably only partially parasitical.

The SECRETARY read a communication from Mr. W. THOMPSON 'On Additions to the Fauna of Ireland.'—*Birds*: *Tringa Temminckii*, *Leisler*, shot near Tralee.—*Mollusca*: *Bullea quadrata*, *Bullea formosa*, *Bullea acuminata*, *Orbis foliaceus*, *Stiller-Tartoni*, *Rusva abyssicola*, *Rissoa fulgida*, *Fusus Sabini*, *Inchotopis borealis*, *Natica sordida*, *Nucula polii*, *Arcidia virginea*, *Apidium fallax*, *Botrylloides rubrum*. (The author records the liberal assistance he has had from Mr. M'Andrew, Mr. Barlee, and Mr. Jeffreys, who have all communicated to him their Irish specimens and discoveries.)—*Crustacea*: *Hippolyte pandaliformis*, *Idotea acuminatum*.—*Annelida*: *Planaria flexilis*, *Euphrosina foliosa*, *Octobothrium* (?) *Merlangi*.—*Zoophytes*: *Gorgonia verrucosa*, *Alecto major* and *dilatans*, *Lepralia simplex*, *Hyndmanni*, *annulata*, *Peachii*, *innominata*, *Ballii* and *trispinosa*.

Mr. JEFFREYS remarked that the specimens sent to him by Mr. Barlee as *Bullea quadrata* of Searles Wood, were not that shell but a variety of *B. catenata*; and that the *B. quadrata*, of which he possessed a specimen through the kindness of Mr. R. Howse, had been hitherto found, or recorded as found, only on the Northumberland coast. He also corrected the specific name of Sabini, applied by Mr. Alder to the *Fusus*, mentioned by Mr. Thompson; and he stated that the *Natica sordida* of Lamarck (and named *falsa* by Mr. Thompson in the 'Annals of Natural History') had been found in the English and Bristol Channels as well as on the coast of Galway. And he made a few observations with respect to the analogy of the Fauna of the Southern and Western Coasts of Ireland with that of the South-West of England, instancing *Oculia patula* and *Tellina balantina* as recent and interesting examples.

A paper was read from Dr. CROOKE 'On the Influence of a Want of Salt in Diet as a Predisposing Cause of Cholera.'

Dr. WALLICH denied that a want of salt had anything to do with cholera.

'An Attempt to give a Physiological Explanation how persons both blind, deaf and dumb from infancy, interpret the Communications of others by their Touch only,' by Dr. FOWLER.—The facility with which young blind and deaf persons acquire such efficiency in their fingers as to enable them to substitute their touch for loss of both sight and hearing admits of a physiological explanation from the following considerations:—1. That the knowledge of objects and their various relations is not from the specific nerve of each organ of sense, but from the muscular sense residing in the muscles by which they are adjusted. Mere contact without pressure gives no knowledge of the forms or bulk of objects, and soon ceases to excite any sensation if the muscles which move the fingers are not in action. This fact that all our distinguishing sensations are in the muscular sense of adjusting muscles, seems to afford a satisfactory proof that it is by this objects appear erect, though in the dead eye they are inverted when seen on the retina. When the head is unmoved and the eye alone raised to look up at the ceiling we have a contractile feeling in the elevator muscles of the eye and forehead, and when we depress our eyes we have analogous feelings in the depressing muscles. Such muscular sensations, like those of the larynx, pass unheeded by those who can both hear and see; but the slightest sensations indicative of the meaning of others are objects of anxious attention to the blind and deaf, more particularly when new to them. This excitement by novelty of feeling is well marked by Sir H. Davy, who said he felt an extended sense of touch when he had for some time breathed the nitrous oxide gas, and this probably from the larger proportion of oxygen than in atmospheric air. For I think it will be found that simultaneously with

retransmission of motor influence to the adjusting muscles of any part, there is also retransmission to its arteries to ensure a supply of blood (the source) from which both sensibility and contractility are sustained.

SECTION F.—STATISTICS.

'Vital Statistics of Calcutta,' by Dr. C. FINCH. 'On the Distribution of the Population of Great Britain and Ireland,' illustrated by Maps and Diagrams, by HERR PETERMANN.

'On the desirableness of extending to the Working Classes the opportunity of purchasing Deferred Annuities, as a provision for old age,' by Mr. KERRICK.

'Contributions to the Statistics of Darlington,' by Mr. KERRICK.

MONDAY.

SECTION G.—MECHANICAL SCIENCE.—continued.

The further papers read were:—

'An Explanation (and Exhibition) of Models of various Machines,' by Mr. C. WILLIAMS.

'On Investigations undertaken for the purpose of furnishing Data for the Construction of Mr. Stephenson's Tubular Bridges at Conway and the Menai Straits,' by Prof. E. HODGKINSON.

'On the Application of Steam Power to the Drainage of Marshes and Fen Lands,' by Mr. J. GLYNN.—The number of districts in which I have successfully applied the steam-engine for such purposes is 15, and the quantity of land so drained amounts to more than 125,000 acres; the engines employed being 17 in number, and their aggregate power 870 horses,—the size of the engines varying from 20 to 80 horse-power. I was also engaged in draining the Hammerbrook District, close by the city of Hamburg; and in another district near to Rotterdam an engine and machinery with the requisite buildings were erected from my plans by the Chevalier Conrad. In many of the swampy levels of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire much had been done to carry off the water by natural means; and many large cuts had been made and embankments formed—especially in the Bedford level, which alone contains about 300,000 acres of fen land; and the great level of the Fens contains about 680,000 acres, now rich in corn and cattle. The Dutch engineers who had been engaged in these works had erected a number of windmills to throw off the water when the sluices could not carry it away. By the aid of these machines the land was so far reclaimed as to be brought into pasture and cultivation, producing occasional crops of wheat. The waters from the uplands and higher levels were intercepted by catch-water drains; which carried away as far as might be practicable the highland waters, and prevented them from running down upon the fen,—but as it often happened, when there was most rain there was least wind, and the wind-engines were useless when their help was most needed, and the crops were lost. In this state was the fen country when the steam-engine was introduced; and by its aid the farmer may venture to sow wheat upon these rich levels with as much confidence and even more than upon higher ground; for not only can he throw off at pleasure the superfluous water, but in dry weather a supply can be admitted from the rivers,—so that farming in such cases is rendered less precarious than in situations originally more favoured by nature. It is, however, to be remarked that the quantity of rain which falls in these levels on the eastern side of England being much below the general average of the kingdom, the power required to throw off the superfluous water is small compared with the breadth of land to be drained; the proportion seldom being greater than 10 horse-power to 1,000 acres, and in some cases considerably less. The general plan is to carry away the water coming off the higher grounds, and as far as may be practicable prevent it from running down into the marsh by means of the catch-water drains before mentioned, leaving the rain water alone to be dealt with by mechanical power. As the quantity of rain falling in the great level of the Fens seldom exceeds twenty-six inches, and about two-thirds of this quantity is carried off by evaporation and absorption or the growth of plants, it is only in extreme cases that two inches in depth require to be thrown off by the engines in any one month,—which amounts to 1 cubic foot and a half upon every

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square yard of land, or 7,260 cubic feet to the acre. The standard and accepted measure of a horse's power is 33,000 lb. raised one foot in a minute, or 3,300 lb. raised ten feet high in the same time; and a cubic foot of water weighs 62½ lb. and a gallon of water 10 lb., so a horse's power will raise and discharge at a height of ten feet 330 gallons, or 52½ cubic feet of water in a minute. Consequently, this assumed excess of 7,260 cubic feet of water fallen upon an acre of land will be raised and discharged at an elevation of 10 feet in about 2 hours and 10 minutes. If the quantity of land be 1,000 acres of fen or marsh with the upland waters all banked out, the excess of rain according to the above estimate will amount to 7,260,000 cubic feet. A steam-engine of 10 horse-power will throw off this water in 232 hours, or in less than 20 days, working 12 hours a day; and I have found this calculation fully supported in practice. Although the rain due to any given month may fall in a few days, yet in such a case the ground will absorb a good deal of it, and the drains must be made of a capacity large enough to receive and contain the rain as it falls;—besides, in cases of necessity the engine may be made to work 20 hours a day instead of 12, until the danger is past. I have generally caused the main drains to be cut 7½ feet deep and of width sufficient to give them the required capacity to receive the rain water as it falls and bring it down to the engine. In some instances—where the districts are extensive and their length great—it has been found requisite to make them somewhat deeper. In all cases where I have found it necessary to use steam power, I have applied scoop-wheels to raise the water. These scoop-wheels somewhat resemble the undershot-wheel of a water-mill; but instead of being turned by the impulse of the water, they are used to lift it, and are kept in motion by steam power. The float-boards or ladle-boards of the wheels are made of wood, and fitted to work in a trough or track of masonry; and they are generally made 5 feet in length—that is to say, they are immersed 5 feet in the water—and their width or horizontal dimension varies with the power of the engine and the head of water to be overcome, from 20 inches to 5 feet. The wheel-track at the lower end communicates with the main drain, and the higher end with the river,—the water in the river being kept out by a pair of pointing dams, like the lock gates of a canal, which close when the engine ceases to work. The wheels themselves are made of cast-iron, formed in parts for convenience of transport. The float-boards are connected with the cast-iron part of the wheel by means of oak staves,—which are stepped into sockets cast in the circumference of the wheel to receive them. There are cast-iron toothed segments fitted to the wheel, into which works a pinion upon the crank-shaft of the engine. When the head of water in the river or delivering drain does not vary much, it is sufficient to have one speed for the wheel; but when the tide rises in the river, it is desirable to have two speeds or powers of wheelwork,—the one to be used at low water, and the other more powerful combination to act against the rising tide. But, in most cases, it is not requisite to raise the water more than three or four feet higher than the surface of the land intended to be drained,—and even that is only necessary when the rivers are full between their banks, from a continuance of wet weather or from upland floods. In some instances, the height of the water in the river being affected by the tide, the drainage by natural outfall can take place only during the ebb; and here, in case of long-continuing rains, the natural drainage requires the assistance of mechanical power. I have stated that the main drains have generally been made 7½ feet deep, or more in larger districts,—so that the water may never rise higher than within 18 inches or 2 feet of the surface of the ground, and the ladle or float-board dip 5 feet below the water, leaving a foot below the dip of the wheel, so that the water may run freely to it, and to allow for the casual obstruction of weeds in the main drain,—which, if it be sufficiently capacious and well-formed, will bring down the water to the engine with a descent of 3 inches in a mile. Suppose, then, that the wheel dip 5 feet below the surface of the water in the main drain, and that the water in the river into which this water must be raised and discharged has its level 5 feet above that in the drain, the wheel

in such case will be said to have 10 feet head and dip, and ought to be made 28 or 30 feet in diameter. I have found it practicable to throw out the water against a head of 10 feet, with a dip of 5 feet,—that is to say, 15 feet head and dip with a wheel 35 feet in diameter; but in another engine more recently erected I have made the wheel 40 feet in diameter. The engine that drives that wheel is of 80-horse power, and is situated on the ten-mile bank, near Littleport, in the Isle of Ely. The largest quantity of water delivered by one engine is from Deeping Fen, near Spalding. This fen contains 25,000 acres, and is drained by two steam-engines,—one of 80 and one of 60-horse power. The 80-horse engine has a wheel of 28 feet in diameter, with float-boards or ladles measuring 5½ by 5 feet, and moving with a mean velocity of 6 feet per second. So that the section of the stream, when the engine has its full dip, is 27½ feet, and the quantity discharged per second is 165 cubic feet,—equal to more than 4½ tons of water in a second, or about 16,200 tons of water in an hour. It was in the year 1825 that these two engines were erected; and at that time the district was kept in a half-cultivated state by the help of 44 windmills,—the land at times being wholly under water. It now grows excellent wheat,—producing from 4 to 6 quarters to the acre. In many districts land has been purchased at from 10s. to 20s. an acre by persons who foresaw the consequences of these improvements, and which they could now sell at from 50s. to 70s. an acre. This increase in value has arisen not only from the land being cleared from the injurious effects of the water upon it, but from the improved system of cultivation which it has enabled the farmers to adopt. The fen lands in Cambridgeshire and in great part of the neighbouring counties are formed of a rich black earth, consisting of decomposed vegetable matter, generally from 6 to 10 feet thick, although in some places much thicker, resting upon a bed of blue gault, containing clay, lime, and sand. When steam drainage was first introduced, it was the practice to pare the land and burn it; then to sow rape-seed, and to feed sheep upon the green crop; after which wheat was sown. The wheat grown upon this land had a long weak straw, easily bent and broken, carrying ears of corn of small size, and having but a weak and uncertain hold by its root in the black soil. Latterly, however, chemistry having thrown greater light upon the operations of agriculture, it has been the practice to sink pits, at regular distances, through the black earth, and to bring up the blue gault,—which is spread upon the surface as a manure. The straw—by this means taking up an additional quantity of silica—becomes firm, strong, and not so tall as formerly, carrying larger and heavier corn; and the mixture of clay gives a better hold to the roots, rendering the crops less liable to be laid by the wind and rain; whilst the produce is most luxuriant and abundant.

'On the Advantageous Use made of the Gaseous Escape from the Blast-Furnaces at Ystalyfera,' by Mr. J. P. BUDD.—This paper was read likewise in Section B,—and is reported *ante*, p. 837.

TUESDAY.

Mr. J. ASHMAN exhibited an artificial leg of an improved construction. It is worked by the hand for the purpose of walking, sitting, or rising, in a very simple manner.

Mr. F. WHISHAW read a paper 'On the Uniformity of Time and other Telegraphs'—and one 'On the Multitubular Sub-way Pipes and Panerogous Joints.'—After explaining the several modes of telegraphic communication which have been for some years before the public, he proceeded to describe the present system of working what is called the needle telegraph. At each telegraph station is placed a single or double instrument according to circumstances,—somewhat resembling a large clock dial, but instead of having figures marked in a circle thereon, as in the case of a clock, the letters of the alphabet are arranged in the four quarters of the dial. Two pointers or hands are hung on pivots passing through the dial, each having on its other end—viz. behind the dial—a needle which is acted upon by electrical agency through the medium of a magnetic wire placed behind the needle, so that by a hand moving in front of the dial either to the right or to the left, any of the letters of the alphabet may be indicated by the current of electricity pass-

ing through from one pile of the battery at station A to station B. An alarm bell is attached to each instrument, to call attention.—The lecturer went on to describe other recently invented instruments on which the letters of the alphabet are ranged in vertical lines towards the central part of the dial; and which, instead of the oscillating character of Cooke's needle telegraph, have a dead beat, which rendered mistakes much less likely to occur.

Mr. W. S. WARD explained a new mechanical arrangement for communicating signals and working breaks on railways.

'On Anastatic Printing and its various Applications,' by Mr. H. E. STRICKLAND.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—SCOTUS—J. G. C.—G. F.—E. O.—A. L.—C. W. Y.—J. G.—Epimometes—R. T. H. G.—C. H. C.—J. H.—Melanion—received.
Dr. R. D. Thomson's letter shall have some notice next week.

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